

Mr. Alderman W. D. McPherson
Toronto

With compliments and
Kind regards from
James Perkins, C.C.
90 Lower Thames St.
C.C.

A

2
ton

TOUR ROUND THE GLOBE.

LETTERS TO THE "CITY PRESS."

BY

JAMES PERKINS, C.C.

LONDON :

W. H. AND L. COLLINGRIDGE, CITY PRESS.

—
1891.

TO BE BOUND THE CLOSER

PRINTED BY THE COLLEGE

LONDON :
PRINTED BY W. H. AND L. COLLINGRIDGE,
ALDERSGATE STREET, E.C.

PRINTED BY THE COLLEGE

THE

PREFACE.

SINCE my return to England, I have been requested by numerous friends to publish the letters contributed to the *City Press* during my tour round the world, in a pamphlet form. I am rejoiced to find that the time I devoted to writing them was not misapplied. It was a source of great pleasure to myself, as it seemed like sitting down and holding converse with friends whom I love and esteem, but who were yet far off; giving them an account of my wanderings in a plain, homely style, and I am gratified to find that my efforts have been appreciated.

JAMES PERKINS.

90, LOWER THAMES STREET,
October, 1891.

CONTENTS.

[illegible]



A TOUR ROUND THE GLOBE.

PAGE

1

4

9

13

16

20

24

28

32

37

40

44

48

52

56

62

66

73

LETTER I.

R.M.S. *Empress of India*,

February 28th, 1891, *Red Sea*.

THE water of the Red Sea is a dark blue. The day is dull, temperature 80 deg. Fahr., and we are going thirteen knots. We muster nearly 170 passengers, of whom about forty are ladies. The sea is smooth, and only a slight roll, which causes no inconvenience, is the result. We have a numerous company of Americans, Canadians, English, and a very few Germans. We have a splendid ship of 5,700 tons gross, well-officered, destined hereafter to carry the mails between China, Japan, and Vancouver, thence by the Canadian Pacific Railway to the Atlantic border, and thence to Europe. As the railway is about 5,000 miles long, a considerable saving of time will be effected.

It was by the advice of my medical attendant, who told me a long sea voyage in warm latitudes would restore my health, and probably add ten years to my life, that I took this trip. The advertisements called it "a trip round the world," the course being from Liverpool to Gibraltar, Marseilles, Naples, Port Said, Suez Canal (with a trip to Cairo for those who cared to visit the Pyramids), Colombo, Penang, Singapore, Hong Kong, Woo Sung, Japan (three ports), Vancouver, across the railway and back to Liverpool by any line of steamers one pleases.

We sailed from Liverpool on February 8th, and had a wonderful passage right to Gibraltar, the sea across the

dreaded Bay of Biscay being as smooth as a mill-pond. We stayed about eight hours in Gibraltar, just long enough to inspect the fortifications, with about 700 guns in position, from 100-ton guns down to 64-pounders; to visit the South Town and Europa point, the English part, the Almeida Gardens, where the troops parade and the bands play, and the more picturesque old town occupied chiefly by Moors and Spaniards. It was our first glimpse of Oriental life. We left in the evening for Marseilles, getting into a gale and cross sea on the Saturday—a gale which convinced us that the ship was not free from those ridiculous antics which vessels indulge in under such circumstances. The table that day was nearly deserted, and groans and lamentations were heard in the state rooms. The next morning, Sunday, the 15th inst., found us moored in the harbour of Marseilles, where we stayed the whole of Monday, going ashore each day. It is a very thriving port, and having visited it several times before I was able to judge of the great advance it has made from a commercial point of view. Drives round the town, to the Prado Château d'If, fortifications, &c., fairly took up our time the two days, sailing again at six p.m. for Naples. The next day was fine, and the weather continued so until we reached Naples, on Wednesday, at eight a.m. Most of the passengers landed, some to ascend Vesuvius, others to visit Pompeii and Herculaneum; yet others preferred the quaint old lanes and streets of the old town and the Museum. I spent a considerable time in the room where the Pompeiian relics are kept, and, under the guidance of the curator, had a close inspection of the principal objects. I was struck with a case of passes for a theatre, and felt how true it is that there is nothing new under the sun, for the free passes were represented by skeleton heads carved in bone—and our free visitors to theatres, I need not remind your readers, are known as "deadheads." I have been several times in Naples, but have never seen a flame issuing from Vesuvius—only a column of smoke by day and nothing by night; and so it was this time. In the evening we sailed for Port Said, and early next morning entered the Straits of Messina. Here the sea was smooth, and we had a good view of Messina. Towards noon we cleared the island of Sicily and came into another gale which lasted the remainder of that day and until the next night. How we rolled and pitched! It was very cold. Again the tables were deserted and the stewards had a pretty good time of it in the various cabins.

On Sunday last we entered Port Said at eight a.m., and left

by Messrs. Cook's excursion steamer for Ismailia, arriving there at three p.m. Dined—Oh, what a misnomer! I had the worst meal I ever sat down to, and the charge was 5s. 6d., including a small bottle of Bass. At five p.m., we left by rail for Cairo, arriving there in a little under five hours. A fairly good supper at the Hôtel Orient made matters right for the night.

The next morning breakfast was served at seven, and at eight we were to leave for the Pyramids. What a curious scene the square in front of the hotel presented, filled as it was with vehicles, the drivers shouting to be hired as only the Cairo drivers can! At last we settled down, and then commenced a race for the Pyramids. It took nearly an hour to reach them. I was not overcome or disappointed, for they presented the features so many travellers have described, including the great solemn Sphinx, which is getting somewhat dilapidated, probably from visitors wishing to possess a relic. Probably there was never a day when so many visitors were there together, for nearly all our passengers went, and the scene was most interesting. The fine, athletic Arabs, in their white flowing garments, assisting those who climbed to the top of the Pyramids, or visited the Sphinx or the Temple; the camels and donkeys, with their curiously-attired costumes, produced a picture that will long remain in my memory. We returned as we had gone, but when we reached the Nile Bridge it was open for ship traffic—kept open from a quarter to twelve till a quarter to two each day. Oh, what a strange medley of people, vehicles, camels, donkeys, had accumulated! And I could not help thinking of our new Tower Bridge, and what will be the result, when it is finished, of its being kept open for two hours before until two hours after high water daily, or one third of the twenty-four hours. At last the bridge was closed for water traffic, and land traffic was resumed. The opposing crowds met, and it required great skill to regulate the vast number of vehicles going each way; but it was a sight I would not have missed for anything.

In the afternoon we strolled about the bazaars and business streets; wondered at the variety of the shops and of the goods offered for sale; contemplated with interest the general picturesque nature of this Oriental scene, and the various nationalities represented; and considered how different it all was to what we see when in the neighbourhood of our one square mile, and the immense difference to European customs. The next morning a visit to the Citadel, whence a splendid bird's-eye view

of Cairo is obtained; a visit to the Mosque of Mehemet Ali built entirely of alabaster; the site of the massacre of the Mamelukes in 1840, and one last drive through the bazaars ended our too short stay in Cairo. At two p.m. we were in the train for Suez, and by half-past ten safe on board our ship once more. Since then we have been and are now traversing the Red Sea.

LETTER II.

HONG KONG, *April 6th*, 1891.

In a previous letter, written after leaving Cairo, I omitted to refer to the very primitive method of repairing and watering the roads. Men are stationed at intervals for that purpose, and if the road wants mending they go to the nearest field or hedge, fill a basket with gravel, fill up the indentation, and then tread it level with their feet; and the watering is done by filling a sheepskin with water slung over the shoulder, and, with a regular movement of the hand the water is thrown on the road. Water is conveyed to houses, where it is not laid on, in a like manner. One noticeable feature in Cairo is the great number of camels employed to bring in fodder and garden produce for the use of the city.

The heat in the Red Sea was not nearly so great as I was led to expect, but after passing Aden it increased daily until we reached Colombo, where the heat was excessive, and many passengers passed the night on deck, the cabins being too oppressive to enable one to enjoy sleep. The whole surroundings of this place were as different to those of Cairo as possible. The lower class of people here go almost naked. They find employment in carrying goods, slung on bamboo canes, or in drawing small carriages on two wheels, known as janrickshas, and holding one person, at a sharp trot for miles, the perspiration streaming down their backs with the exertion. The tropical vegetation is very grand, especially in the gardens of houses kept by Europeans. A Cingalese gentleman, to whom I was introduced, drove me to a Buddhist temple, the oldest in the

island—so he told me. There are some bones of Buddha buried in a solid mass of masonry, without means of entrance, in the form of a dome, with a radius of about 100 feet and in height about 80 feet, built over two thousand years ago, and as yet never disturbed. My friend tried to explain the faith to me and promised to send me a catechism when it is reprinted, as he thinks I should make a good convert.

A trip to Kandy well repaid the nine hours ride in a hot railway compartment to get there and back; but the hills were so covered with verdure right to the top that it looked quite refreshing. Kandy is built on an eminence, and the view all round is lovely in the extreme; and, in the botanical gardens, orchids that would excite the envy even of Mr. J. Chamberlain flourish.

One noticeable feature of Colombo is the large number of dealers in so-called precious stones. They board the steamers on their arrival, follow the passengers to the hotel, haunt you everywhere, pestering you to buy a bargain. Rubies, sapphires, pearls, etc., are offered first—say for three rings—ten pounds, then it is, "What will you give?" A passenger makes a sportive offer, and says, "Thirty shillings the lot"; and, when the offer is not increased, it generally happens that the merchant says that he must do some trade, if only for luck—so he takes it.

Our next place of call was Penang, where we had but eight hours in which to scamper over the place, visit the waterfall and park, inspect a few temples, drive round the principal streets, and get tiffin. It is very similar to Colombo, with the exception that the population consists of Malays and Chinese. The same means of locomotion is common to both—janrickshas and garrys—a sort of dogcart for four persons, drawn by either a pony or small ox. The heat was intense here, and all along the Straits of Malacca, until we reached Singapore, where it culminated. It is a large place, with a spacious and splendid harbour, doing an extensive trade, and having a well-kept promenade along the banks, where the rank and fashion take their evening drive, or "eat the air," as the Malays graphically express it. I dined in the evening with a Masonic friend whom I had known in England, and who is settled here as an avocat. A drive of three miles brought me to a charming bungalow, not a pane of glass in it, only curtains and Venetian jalousies to keep out heat and intruders. Charming grounds surrounded the house, and in a clump of trees a family of wild monkeys had for

many years made a home, which my friend said he would not disturb for anything. The monkeys were no nuisance to him as they never came near the house. By the way, the guide books say that monkeys are to be seen wild all over the place, their antics being very amusing. All I can say is, that only in a shop and for sale did I see a single monkey—in fact they are conspicuous by their absence.

From Singapore our course was to this place, a direct line northward, and it was very surprising how soon we felt the influence of a north-east wind. Three days out folks began to say how chilly it was, and that they must put on warmer flannels and bring out overcoats, and when we reached Hong Kong on the fifth day it was really cold. The entrance to Hong Kong abounds in fine scenery and a large number of islands. It reminded me very much of the scenery between Stornoway to Oban, in Scotland, and the town itself is something like Oban, having a shore line of buildings and villas built, terrace after terrace, up the hill-side. The Peak is about 2,000 feet high, and a rope railway has been constructed for three parts of the distance. Locomotion is carried on by janrickshas, and chairs with two bearers, the latter alone being able to ascend the hill. You are carried along at a great pace, and with a regular swing, and it is not at all unpleasant. The merchants keep their own private chairs and coolies in private liveries. In that case they have four bearers to a chair, but the chairs that stand about for hire have only two bearers. I was struck with the absence of horses; I have not seen more than ten since I have been here, and I am told that seventy is the outside number in the island. Our steamer was moored to a wharf at Kow Loon, on the mainland of China, opposite Hong Kong, but under the control of the British. We were landing cargo for six days, and then had to go into dry dock, the passage to and fro to Hong Kong being by steam launch.

I took the opportunity while our vessel was in dry dock to visit Canton, about ninety miles from here. It is one of the oldest cities in China, very quaint, and to me unique. The streets are not more than seven feet wide, many less than that, built as closely as possible, with one storey over the shop. The streets are crowded, and it is surprising how the chair-bearers keep clear of the mob, for it is only in chairs that Europeans can travel about. Even your Chinese guide insists upon having his chair. We visited pagodas, temples, markets, the execution ground—not, as one would suppose, a reserved space kept for

the purpose, but in the middle of a public pottery yard kept by the executioner, through which the public pass all day long. There was a puddle of blood from a recent execution that had not dried up. The great Examination Hall, with its 12,000 cells or chambers for the use of students while undergoing annual examination, was curious; so was the City of the Dead, a large enclosed space, with about 2,000 rooms for the reception of the dead in coffins until such time as the survivors can find a suitable, that is a lucky spot for burial. The Chinese are very particular in this respect, and the captain of the steamer in which I went to Canton told me that one man had brought him over twenty samples of earth for his opinion as to which would be the most lucky to bury his poor father in. In one of the chambers a lady was mourning over her dead child, and outside were eight hired musicians singing and playing a service for the dead. Such a dreadful monotonous noise I never heard before. Within a circle with a diameter of ten miles, we were told by the American Consul, was a population of three and a half millions; the Chinese can stow themselves closer than any other people, and don't object to it; of these, the half million live from birth to death in sampans, or boats with an awning to carry passengers; there are over 50,000 registered in Canton, and the average number of men, women, and children in each may safely be taken as ten. The women do the rowing and steering and look after the children; the men idle their time away. We passed the once famous city of Whampoa, where our sailing ships at one time used to be moored in large numbers to load tea; that trade in a great measure has now ceased, and has been transferred to Hankow, Amoy, and other northern cities. Now, whatever tea is shipped at Canton is sent down by local steamer to Hong Kong, and there transhipped.

To show how small the world is, the captain of the steamer I travelled by to Canton used to sail, twenty years ago, from the Thames; and, when he heard my name, asked if I had barges on the Thames, and said he had loaded or unloaded them many a time. I said I was the same person; and then there was a string of inquiries as to people we both knew, how they were getting on, or what had become of them. His name is Geoghan, and he was formerly in the Irish trade.

In Hong Kong all labour is human labour—no horse-power being used. Every house built in the island, whether on the street level or up the mountain side, has the materials carried to it by men and women, slung over the shoulder from a bamboo.

Heavy stones, bricks, sand, water for building, are thus conveyed; and so, too, is the furniture. The Queen's Road, the principal thoroughfare, is being repaired, and a large stone roller is used to level it; it is pulled by twenty-four men. Heavy bales and cases are in like manner taken from the vessels to the warehouses; if two men cannot lift the loads, they try four, six, and even eight. There is not a cart in the place, and only a very few trollies.

During our stay in Hong Kong, the Russian Fleet, with the Czarewitch on board, arrived in the harbour, and moored there for coaling purposes. Such a continuous firing of salutes from morning to night made a frightful din, which was re-echoed from the mountain's side. The young Prince landed at the central pier, and was received by the Governor in great state. There was a huge crowd, both of Europeans and Chinese, to see him; and at night the city was illuminated, of course with Chinese lamps. The visit lasted three days, when the Prince left to visit Canton, where, we heard, he had a good reception by the Viceroy. I was made a member of the Hong Kong Club during my stay there, and found it very pleasant to meet with the principal merchants of the city. These courtesies, extended to a passing visitor, are most agreeable.

We have had a marvellous trip all the way from Suez to here, not a single rough day; it is like river steaming. We are now just about to start for Shanghai, and whether we shall find it rougher or not remains to be seen.

LETTER III.

PACIFIC OCEAN, *April 21st.*

WHEN I was at Hong Kong I had the opportunity of witnessing a Chinese funeral, that of a rich old gentleman who had died of old age. The body was to be buried in Chinese soil, and was to be taken to Canton for interment. It is one of their superstitions that it is unlucky to carry the body out by the door, so a staging of bamboo cane was erected to the third floor, where he

died, with a sloping staging to the street. The coffin was on the top stage, and I saw the old gentleman carried out in a sheet, placed in the coffin, together with sundry things for him to eat, and the necessary implements for that purpose. The coffin was then fastened down, and covered with a gaudy-coloured pall ready to be slid down into the street. In the meantime the band, consisting of gongs, cymbals, pipes, and a few voices, gathered at the foot and made a most discordant noise. There were also several tinsel temples carried on a bier by four men; several other attendants bore food, including two roast pigs nicely browned. All these men paraded the neighbouring streets while the coffin was being prepared. At last it was slid down by twelve men, and when it reached the street was placed at the head of the procession. Following the coffin twelve hired mourners, dressed in white cloaks and hoods, came down, making the most hideous lamentations. The procession then marched all through the Chinese town. The body was taken to the steamer for Canton, but the other part of the procession continued to parade the streets for hours after. Finally, I was informed, the two roast pigs would be divided amongst them, and so the ceremony would end.

Upon leaving Hong Kong we proceeded to Woosung, sixteen miles from Shanghai, whither we were taken in a steam launch. So far as the European part of the city is concerned, it is well laid out with wide streets, fine hotels, banks, clubs, private houses, and good shops, and a splendid promenade facing the river. The river is wide, and affords good moorings for the largest steamers. It seems to be a flourishing place. It is under the control of English and French police, the European portion being allotted to the two nations; but the real old Chinese city is a counterpart of Canton—narrow, dirty streets, stinking and repulsive.

We left in the evening for Japan, making straight for Nagasaki, which we reached on Sunday, April 12th, finding it *en fête*. It was a festival for girls, and they were all dressed in their gayest clothing, with artificial flowers of the brightest hues in their black hair, and carrying the well-known Japanese umbrella. This town is beautifully situated in a land-locked harbour of great extent, and surrounded by hills with verdure to the very tops.

Sailing again in the evening, we had to pass through the Inland Sea, celebrated for the beauty of its scenery, but which, alas was hidden from our view by a dense fog. However, we

reached Kobe in safety the next morning. This is in an open roadstead, and the place is destined to be the chief port in Japan. The European part is very fine, and the native town is far superior to those of China, the streets being wider, better cared for, and the shops giving a better display. There is a celebrated waterfall, to which we all went in the everlasting 'rickshas, to which we are now well accustomed. You can hire one for the whole day for one dollar, and the man keeps up a brisk trot as you go from place to place. Of course he gets a rest whilst you are inspecting the shops and buying your curios, or getting lunch at the hotels; still, it must be very hard work.

Sailing again in the evening, we made for Yokohama, and all the next day were in a fog, with the horn going at short intervals. Still, we reached the town at the appointed time, the sixteenth morning, and stopped until the next day, leaving at four p.m. Most of our passengers made straight for Tokio, the capital of Japan, and the official residence of the Mikado. It is a large city, but certainly not beautiful. Most of the houses are built of wood, and the streets are wide and admit of the use of horses, but the principal mode of conveyance is the 'ricksha. There is a fine park, and the gardens in it are well laid out. Several temples of great antiquity can be seen, but to me they were uninteresting, being devoid of architectural beauty. It is about eighteen miles from Yokohama, and the train takes one hour to do the journey. The Japanese have copied us in every respect, issuing return tickets, printed both in Japanese and English, that are nipped by the inspectors; the carriages are similar to ours, and all the arrangement of barriers, platforms, booking offices, retiring rooms for ladies and gentlemen, are the same. Here the Japanese are far ahead of the Chinese. The former encourage railways, of which there are several connecting the various cities, whilst in China there is not a single line, a short one that was laid down a few years ago between Shanghai and Woosung having been destroyed by the superstition of the people, who hate the barbarians, as they call us, and all their works. The wonder is that the Chinese Government has invested in gun-boats and war steamers of European construction, driven by steam, for the protection of their coasts. Contrasting the two nations, I must give the preference to the Japanese. They are polite to a degree to Europeans, and very clean, the baths being well patronized. Whether sea, fresh, or natural springs, all bathe in the same tank—men, women, and children. If a European pays for

entrance he is shown to the same tank, and, like the natives, can leave his clothes on the seat and pop in. If, however, he objects, and asks for a private bath, he is shown into a small room, in which is a large tub—a woman fills it, arranges the heat to your liking, and waits to wash you. If you say you do not require her services, she is at a loss to know the reason why, and stops in the room to render assistance in case it may be required all the while you are taking your bath, and this without the slightest feeling of impropriety or lack of modesty. "Me washee your back" said the woman to me when I tried the experiment, and many other passengers gave me a similar account. In fact, they have no idea of modesty in our sense of it, and the two sexes meet at the baths in a state of nudity without the least hesitation.

A visit to Osaki and Kioto was interesting, as we were admitted to the various manufactories and saw the patient labours of the workers. One man was engaged upon a small Satsuma vase, inlaying the pottery with silver and gold wire; he was making a circle, and six times he was dissatisfied with the result; the seventh time he succeeded in doing the work to his satisfaction. It frequently takes months to complete a small article, and one piece that we saw had occupied two years of one man's labour, the result being a work of art valued at one hundred pounds. In some workshops we saw the women embroidering silk with gold and silver thread, to be used for screens or to make up as dresses. Machinery has not as yet entered into the manufacture of these goods—all are produced by hand. The Japanese are copying European fashions in dress, in politics, in newspapers, in most things. There were Houses of Parliament in Tokio a few months ago, but they were destroyed by fire, either from accident or design, the latter suspected by the officials; they are, however, being replaced by buildings of stone instead of wood. As we visited the various places, both in China and Japan, we could not help thinking what ravages a large fire would make, as the natives' shops and houses are nearly all of wood.

Speaking of the Japanese copying European customs, there is one custom that ought at once to be discarded, that of selling their daughters into houses of an improper character. I was assured that the creditors of a father or widowed mother can compel them to sell their daughters, when arrived at a certain age, to the keepers of such houses in order to pay their debts. As the girl has no choice in the matter she submits, and it is

not deemed any degradation to have lived thus for a period, and in fact they are generally married from such houses. A man pays the debt remaining on her head, marries her, and she is at once rehabilitated into society without a slur upon her character. Many men of high position have chosen their wives from such places. The Japanese women are not vicious by nature, on the contrary, they are most affectionate, but they are powerless to break down this dreadful custom of the country. Sooner or later it must be given up if the Japanese wish to rank with European nations.

VANCOUVER, *April 29th.*

We reached our destination, so far as the *Empress of India* is concerned, yesterday, at 4 p.m., after twelve days' passage from Yokohama. The first three days were rough, with strong winds; then we had four days when the ship only rolled; after that we fell in with a cyclone, and our ship showed us what she could do in pitching and tossing, to the discomfort of many of our passengers who were confined to their berths. There is no necessity to describe the difficulty of eating and drinking, washing and dressing, when the ship rolls to twenty degrees each side and pitches at the same time. During the worst of it, fiddles were put on the tables at meal times to prevent the plates, dishes, etc., rolling off, but despite that the food, and especially the drinks, were capsized. In all, we have travelled 16,396 nautical miles in one steamer, with very little discomfort indeed from rough weather. All the way from Suez to Yokohama the sea was smooth, and it was while crossing the Pacific (?) Ocean that we suffered most. The *Empress of India* is certainly a magnificent ship, with a fine promenade deck, twelve feet wide, under the hurricane deck, and much credit is due to Captain Marshall and his officers in their endeavour to promote the happiness and enjoyment of us all. It is her first trip, and henceforth she will trade between Vancouver, Japan and China, and is not likely to take another voyage round the world.

LETTER IV.

THE BALDWIN HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,

May 7th, 1891.

THE town of Vancouver is a place of marvellous growth. Seven years ago it was all forest land, and without a single habitation; but no sooner had the Canadian Pacific Railroad Company (the word "railway" is unknown in America) settled upon that spot as their terminus on the Pacific, than land surveyors, agents, and builders, hurried to the spot, mapped it out in avenues and streets at right angles, ran up frame buildings, and commenced business. Four years ago, it was completely destroyed by fire; the inhabitants were houseless, and had to be maintained by the contributions of the neighbouring settlements. In three weeks, the builders were again at work, and this time using granite and brick for the principal stores. The town is lighted by electricity; electric cars run along its streets, and nearly all the stores use this illuminant instead of gas. Gas, however, is used to supplement the electric light, should the latter fail in working. Coal of an excellent quality is found within fifty miles, and there is a splendid land-locked harbour with deep water alongside the wharves, so that the largest ships can be accommodated. Many fine hotels have sprung up, and the town in the future will doubtless be one of great importance. The very fact that the Canadian Pacific Railroad Company intend to send their steamers to Japan and China from Vancouver necessarily establishes its prosperity. Still there is much to be done in the way of improvement. At present the side walks are of wood only, and the roadways uneven, and, in wet weather, soft and miry. Rome, however, was not built in a day, and the Corporation, by its Improvement Committee, is steadily urging on the work of putting the roads in order; and, before another decade, the town will have a very different appearance.

Balls, concerts, canoe races, torchlight processions round the harbour, and other festivities, were arranged to welcome the arrival of the *Empress of India* and her passengers, and a grand banquet was given by the local Board of Trade, to which many of us were invited. Perhaps the speeches were too long, and

possibly too prosy, but the event passed off splendidly, but for one unfortunate incident, viz.:—that when the toast of the health of our gracious Queen was given, the United States Vice-Consul refused to rise, and something like a row appeared to be imminent. However, it cooled down when it was explained that he had never exhibited good manners, and was generally disliked, and so he was let off with only expressions of contempt.

Having well explored the neighbourhood, I took steamer for Victoria, in the island of Vancouver, about sixty miles off. Being a smaller vessel by far than the *Empress of India*, she took a different channel to the one we came by, and, as a consequence, we were afforded glimpses of surpassing beauty for about five hours, the length of the journey. Victoria boasts a greater antiquity than Vancouver, it being now nearly forty years old. Originally it was a trading port of the Hudson Bay Company, where the Indians brought skins for sale, but it possessed so many advantages that many settlers went there and founded what has now grown into a large place. The streets are well laid out; there are many handsome stores, with plate glass windows that would not disgrace Regent Street; of course there are electric lights and electric cars. I was introduced to the Mayor, and when he found I was a member of the Corporation of the City of London, nothing was too good for me. We chatted about municipal subjects, he being desirous of obtaining all the information I could give him; on the other hand, he was quite as ready to instruct me regarding their ways. He has been Mayor three years in succession, and appears to be so popular that he will probably be Mayor for many years to come. Besides the Town Council, there are a Provincial Legislature and a House of Deputies, working together in the best possible harmony. The climate is much the same as that of England—never very cold nor very warm. The scenery all round is very beautiful; in the far distance are the snow-clad hills of the Olympus range, and a grand view of Mount Baker, eighty miles off, rearing its head just as Mont Blanc does in France. I was driven all round for some four hours to all the finest nooks, bays, inlets, woods, &c., that my friend could think of, and I could only say that, if I had to seek some other home than London, I could not choose a better than Victoria.

Just to show how small the world is after all, I may mention that I had a letter from a London friend to a firm in Victoria, Messrs. Beeton, Turner, & Co. This I presented, and was

warmly welcomed, and taken to Mr. Beeton's private house to luncheon. During luncheon, a gentleman called to take him for a drive, and I went also. During the drive, I said I was going to San Diego, and he asked me whom I was going to see. I said an old colleague of mine, Mr. Joseph Surr. "What, do you know him? Why, when I was in London our families were very intimate, and only last autumn he called here to see me." And Mrs. Beeton added, "When you see him, ask if he remembers a dog rushing out from the adjoining house and tearing his trousers from instep to knee, and that I sewed it up for him." So here was a fresh bond of union between us, and after the drive I remained to tea and a musical party to follow. So also in the hotel, a gentleman was introduced to me, and when he heard I was a member of the Corporation, he said, "Then you know Deputy Harvey and the other Common Councilmen for Cripplegate. I was in business there for several years and knew them all"; and another gentleman, entering into the conversation, told me he knew both my partner and myself, having been in the firm of Smith, Sundius, and Co., ship-brokers, and had come over, hearing there was a "boom" in steam shipping; but whether he had found it or not he did not say; his occupation, however, at the present time is manager of a newspaper, the *Seattle Intelligencer*.

Close by Victoria is the harbour of Esquimault, now the headquarters, with dry dock, dockyard, etc., of our navy. A gunboat, the *Nymph*, was in dry dock under repairs.

I could have lingered here for a much longer time, but I had to say farewell, and take my passage on board the *Umatilla* for San Francisco, a trip of 750 miles on the Pacific Ocean. And once again let me say that it is not quite the proper name, for the sea was not pacific, but rough in the extreme. It was pitiable to see how the poor women and children, aye, and men too, suffered for two days, many not taking any food. It appeared that the ship was somewhat given to rolling, and this trip she had only a light cargo, so she had it all her own way, and right merrily did she play at pitch and roll. On the evening of the third day, a thick fog came on, the sea went down, and the remainder of the journey was less troublesome. We reached the port during the night, and at six a.m. the doctor and Custom House officials came on board, the former to see that our health was good—for if anyone had shown a sign of infectious disease we should have been put in quarantine—and the second to see that we did not smuggle anything into the United States

without paying the frightful duties that now prevail under the McKinley Act. Fortunately I passed both ordeals, as I was in excellent health, and had with me no goods upon which duty had to be paid. So here I am in what was the El Dorado, so far as gold-finding was concerned, not so many years ago, but was then a lawless, fearful place to live in. It has now become a vast, beautiful city, renowned all the world over; but my impressions concerning it must be left for another letter.

LETTER V.

THE BALDWIN HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO,

May 15th, 1891.

I HAVE been eight days in California, and from what I have seen I do not wonder at its being known as "Golden," whether it applies to cornfields, orchards, vineyards, olives, orange groves, or to the amount of push, and energy, and life, exhibited in all its cities, and especially in this. To think that fifty years ago it was waste and barren land, except such missionary stations as were founded by the Spanish Franciscans to teach the Indians; that the finding of gold in large quantities caused the country to be inundated by the scum of all nations; that for years life was held of little account, and that men shot each other for mere whims of temper; that after a long lapse of time given up to lawlessness and riot, a better state of things opened up; the tilling of the ground succeeded to the search for gold, and now the wealth of California obtained from the cultivation of land far surpasses that produced by the precious metal. The growth of such cities as San Francisco and Sacramento attest this truth.

I was favoured with a long interview by the Mayor, Mr. Sanderson, and he was as pleased to learn something of the constitution, manners, and customs of our grand old Corporation as I was to be informed of how matters were conducted here. The city and its suburbs for miles around form one county over which is the worshipful Mayor, who is appointed for two years,

and a body of twelve supervisors, who fill the position of Aldermen and Councilmen. These meet in a splendid large city hall that has been in course of construction for many years, and is not yet finished. It has accommodation for all the various officers of the municipality, and also for the law courts, whether police, county, first instance, or superior courts. The Mayor was delighted to see a member of the Corporation of the City of London, and showed me marked attention, and placed his services at my disposition. Wherever I go I find that the mere announcement of my connection with the dear old City of London is an "Open Sesame," and one can learn more about a city by having a pleasant chat with its Mayor than in any other way. This city is full of bustle and activity; tramcars, either horse, steam, electric, or cable—for they have them of each sort—traverse the streets incessantly from early morning to the early hours of the next morning. Large and lofty buildings show off the wide streets to great advantage, the ground floors being devoted to shops or stores, and the upper floors in many cases occupied as hotels, or lodging houses and restaurants. From the immense number of these feeding establishments, I should think that nobody takes food at home, but makes use of the facilities offered by them of both variety of food and its cheapness.

I came to this place for the express purpose of visiting our late colleague, who represented the Ward of Cheap in the Council, Mr. Joseph Surr, who, with his family, is now settled in San Diego, some five hundred miles south of this. When I landed from the steamer which brought me from Victoria, I found letters from him, intimating that he was on his way from San Diego to meet me here, which he did a few hours afterwards. He thought that the six days it would take me to travel to and fro would be so much lost in the way of intercourse, and as my time in these parts was naturally very limited, he very kindly came here, so as to spend all the time I had to spare together. Thus we visited the Golden Gate Park, a large reservation, partly laid out as ornamental gardens, conservatories, and all that sort of thing, and the remainder left in a state of nature except for the cutting of good roads, many miles in length, where the cream of society take their airing. Not far off are the Seal Rocks, a cluster of rocks, some fifty yards from the shore, where hundreds of seals disport themselves in the open sea and not in any way enclosed. These animals have made these rocks their homes for many years; they are of a kind

whose skins are not used for commerce, and so they are left alone; and, besides, they are protected by an order from the authorities, which makes it punishable to kill or molest them. Another favourite spot to visit is the Presidio, or grounds reserved for barracks for the military; it is on rising ground, from whence a good view of the city and harbour is obtained. We had a glance in at the Masonic Temple, the Odd Fellows' Hall, the Mechanics' Institute and Library, and the Free Public Library established by the Corporation. All these places were well built, and seemed to be appreciated, judging from the number of persons using them. Nor is there any dearth of amusements: theatres, concert halls, and variety entertainments, abound in every part of the city, and many large halls are devoted to fancy fairs, bazaars, and political meetings. To one of the latter I went last night; it was called by the Democratic party, and attention was directed to the place of meeting by a huge bonfire at each end of the street, which certainly would not have been permitted by the London Police. The hall was crammed, and a member of Congress, I forget his name, was haranguing the people on the effects of the McKinlay Act upon the working classes, and pointing out the necessity of the party selecting good and true men to represent them in Congress, instead of miserable creatures of the McKinlay type. From his description, one would think that the United States was the most down-trodden country in the world, instead of being, as the Americans are so fond of boasting, "the freest nation on earth."

Two events of late have caused great excitement here: one being the visit of the President, which took place just before I arrived; but the Mayor told me it was a grand function. The second was the burial of General Swift, last Sunday, who died whilst United States Minister to the Court of Japan, and whose body was brought here by the steamer *Belgic* from Yokohama. About 20,000 military, the Mayor and Corporation, the Masonic, Odd Fellows, and various other bodies, took part in the procession, which was one of the finest displays I have ever seen, and testified to the regard in which the deceased gentleman was held. By the courtesy of the Mayor, I was admitted to the privileges of the Bohemian Club during my stay in the city.

In the immediate neighbourhood of San Francisco, many large towns are rising. Just across the Bay—a distance of five miles, traversed by large ferry steamers that can take a train, vehicles, animals, and any number of passengers, some-

thing like those of the Woodside Ferries, at Liverpool—is Oakland, a town of 30,000 people, with Alameda close by, with 10,000, and Berkeley, where there is a large and well-known university, with something like 8,000 more. All these are connected by railways, and steam, electric and horse cars. They are laid out in villa residences, and many of the traders have country houses here, so as to avoid the noise and bustle of the larger city. Further out still is Menlo Park, the residence of Mr. Leland Stanford, who, from a position of almost poverty, has risen to be one of the railroad magnates, and was one of the promoters of the Union Pacific Railway, by which New York and San Francisco joined hands. He thus became enormously wealthy—how much, I am afraid to say, in case I did not say enough—and has become the owner of Menlo Park, containing 18,000 acres. Some few years ago he lost his only son, a promising young lad, and this has induced him to build and endow a university for boys and girls, for higher education than the primary schools afford. It is to be opened next October. I inspected the buildings with great interest; they are most complete, and the dormitories are better than I have ever seen in any school before. Two students are to occupy one large room, in which are two beds; a curtain hanging from the ceiling leaves the other half of the room for a nice sitting room. The amount of space allotted to each student is unprecedented. Besides this gift to his fellow-countrymen, Mr. Stanford owns a large stud for the breeding of trotting horses. Over 800 horses were in the stables, and we were shown the most valuable; several for which he had refused 50,000 dollars (*i.e.* £10,000), and many of less value. We saw him drive from the stables to the university buildings, accompanied by the gentleman who is to be the principal master, and they both are constantly supervising the construction, so that everything may be perfection.

But the place that is most talked about is the Hotel Del Monte, close to Monterey, which is about one hundred and thirty miles from this city. The hotel is of itself a palace, and the grounds, of surprising extent, contain a profusion of flowers and trees, a lake of great extent, with all the accessories of a sea-side resort, sea bathing (both in the open sea and in baths), bowling saloons, while the temperature is so mild—in winter scarcely ever below 51 degrees Fahr.—that bathing goes on all the year round. The place is so attractive, that it is nothing unusual to have 1,500 guests at one time; in fact, it is a small town in itself. Then, there is a magnificent ride of eighteen

miles, right through the hotel park, through Monterey, an old Spanish town, with its old mission church still in use for service; along the shores of Monterey Bay, past seal rocks again, just like those at San Francisco, and protected in the same way; through the primeval forest of oak, cedar, redwood, pine, and cyprus trees, every fresh turn giving a glimpse of great beauty, and the freshness of the air, in which is mingled the ozone of the sea, with the balmy breezes of the forest, produces a feeling of admiration for the beauties that Nature so bountifully provides for this lovely spot. It is almost worth while to cross the Atlantic, if only to visit Del Monte.

Another delightful place is Santa Cruz, about half way between Frisco and Monterey, and is much patronized by those who cannot find time to visit the Yosemite valley, for here are some of the big trees for which California is so celebrated. Some of the trees are twenty-two feet in diameter, and one has been hollowed out and made into a room, where twenty people can dine with comfort. San José and Santa Clara, adjacent places, are well worth seeing, on account of the profusion of flowers to be found on every hand.

But time is inexorable, and most reluctantly I have this day seen my dear friend Surr off to his home, and in a few hours I am on my way north, to Portland, in Oregon. By-the-bye, I ought not to omit that last Friday there was a slight shock of earthquake that lasted, perhaps, twenty seconds, but not much notice was taken of it.

LETTER VI.

VICTORIA, B.C., *May 22nd*, 1891.

BACK again at Victoria. In my last letter I find I have not spoken much of my friend, Mr. Joseph Surr. He still retains all the genial qualities that he had when a member of our Corporation. He has a youthful heart, and a sprightly, impulsive style, with great vigour for a man of his years. He is in appearance the type of a well-to-do country gentleman, without care of any kind, as well he may, seeing that he has made a large

fortune, and retired from business, devoting his time to the benefit of his fellow-citizens by serving on the Board of Education. The week I spent with him was one of mutual enjoyment; and the last evening I was with him we spent the time in looking over my pocket-book, and asking questions about the various Aldermen and Common Councilmen whom he knew; and he begged me to give to each and all of them his warmest regards.

After seeing him off to his distant home, I took my passage by railroad for Portland, in Oregon, in order to see the wondrous range of mountains that commences at Sacramento with Mount Shasta, and continues on either hand all the way to Portland. The first part of the journey up to Sacramento City is performed during the night, that portion passing through an agricultural district void of particular interest. It was in Sacramento valley that the enormous finds of gold took place forty to fifty years ago; and when that industry fell off, it was found that the soil was so rich that it became a farming and fruit-growing region that has produced almost as much wealth as the yield of gold did, and with this advantage, that whereas the miners were a lawless and violent body of men, it has now become peaceful and law-abiding. The railroad runs alongside the Sacramento River to its source, crossing it eighteen times so as to cut off angles. The road must have been most expensive to make; it rises in parts to 4,300 feet above the sea level, with very few tunnels. In one place it makes a double S, traversing twenty miles to get only five miles onwards. Down on the banks, at six stations, miners were still at work, with all the contrivances for cradling and washing the sand used in the search for gold, such as we have all read about, their rude huts close by; and a hard dreary life it must be, with little chance of getting much more than a livelihood, let alone a big fortune. A new industry has opened up in the shape of lumber mills, which are frequent all along the river, down which the logs are floated where it is navigable, or cut up for building purposes where it is not, and sent forward by rail.

The whole mountainous district is of volcanic formation. Mount Shasta, with its snow-clad peaks, continues in sight for hours; on the opposite side are the Castle, or, as sometimes called, Cathedral rocks, because of their fancied resemblance to such buildings. They are inaccessible, barren, and appear like masses of pumice-stone, with the peaks towering high in the air. Then the Three Sisters come into sight; and so the won-

drous scenery continues the whole day till nightfall, when the train descends as rapidly as it ascended, and passes through a level country until Portland is reached.

At one point during the afternoon, we came to a spur of Mount Shasta, close to the railroad, and from this spur come rushing out of the side several natural soda-water springs. The train stops for five minutes, and a general exodus takes place to take a drink, the knowing-ones being provided with flasks of brandy, or whiskey, in case the water should be too strong!

Portland is a large and populous city of some thirty years' standing. It is on the Willamette River, a branch of the great Columbia River, and its chief industry is flouring mills, as it is the centre of a rich agricultural district. The streets are laid out at right angles, and down each one, whether going north to south, or east to west, runs a tramcar, driven either by horses, cables, or electricity. The side-walks are mostly of wood, and so are many of its houses, but there are many most substantial buildings, either of granite or brick, used as banks, stores, and merchants' offices. The City Park is on an eminence, and, with its gymnasium, affords excellent recreation for the people, as the river does for boating purposes. I called upon the Mayor, who was delighted at meeting a member of our ancient Corporation. He compared notes with me, and showed me every civility, and gave me a drive of twenty miles round the city. I learned that the English people residing there were going to have "high jinks" on May 23rd, on the occasion of Her Majesty's birthday, and I was urged to stay for it, but could not spare the time.

My route northward was by rail to Tacoma, and thence by steamer down Puget Sound to Vancouver, so as to take up my tourist ticket for the Atlantic border; but meeting a friend in Portland who was interested in extending a new township located opposite Victoria, and learning also that Her Majesty's birthday was to be celebrated in a way so grand that I ought not to miss, I varied my plan, and went with him to Tacoma, thence by steamer to Seattle and Port Townsend.

These three towns are marked instances of the vitality of the American character. Five years ago, the land that they now occupy was forest land, and, three years back, Seattle was destroyed by fire; but at the present day they are in the most vigorous condition, each lighted by electricity, with electric cars running through the streets, two or three newspapers, Mayors, Town Councils, and all the usual conditions of places of much older growth. One can scarcely recognize the fact, when looking

at the stately seven or eight-storeyed buildings, that it has all been accomplished within five years.

Puget Sound is a magnificent sheet of water, running for over 100 miles into the heart of Washington Territory—one of the recent States added to the American Union. This State, which is larger than the whole of the United Kingdom, is on the western side of the Rocky Mountains—that great ridge that seems like a backbone to North America. It is a fertile region, and as yet but sparsely inhabited; it offers, therefore, great opportunities for development: hence the rapidity with which new townships are founded. Someone discovers a small creek with water-power coming down from the mountains, and forthwith starts a mill for cutting lumber; he sends for assistance to far-off states, where labour is abundant, and, as the timber is cleared off the land, houses are rapidly built of the wood; and, behold, a new town is added to the States!

Knowing all this, it was with some curiosity that I visited Port Angeles, situated exactly opposite Victoria, from which it is only sixteen miles distant; and, of course, they are both the same distance from the Pacific Ocean—say fifty miles. I found Port Angeles to be a natural grand harbour for either refuge or commerce; and the wonder to me is that it has been neglected so long. It appears that its usefulness was first discovered in 1860, by Mr George Smith, who drew the attention of President Lincoln's Government to its grand position for a naval station. But the Civil War broke out; Mr. Smith was drowned by the loss of a steamer outside San Francisco, and the scheme was lost sight of, until his son, Mr. Norman Smith, set to work to vindicate his father's views as to the value of the place, and, having bought the land very cheaply, induced some 400 people, three years ago, to assist him in founding a town on co-operative principles. This association has, at the present time, in land, workshops, houses, wharves, etc., a capital of 500,000 dollars; and the energy with which they have worked and opened up the place has brought about them at the present moment a population of over 4000. It has a Mayor, Town Council, three weekly newspapers, and, within the last few months, electric lights have been instituted for lighting the streets and shops; the side walks have been planked, and water-pipes, conveying the purest waters from mountain streams, have been laid down all over the town.

The harbour, of which I have spoken, is formed by a natural spur of land, doubtless the result of some volcanic agency in

remote ages, which runs out from the rocks to a distance of two miles from the shore, takes a course eastward for some four miles parallel with the shore, and terminates with a slight turn towards the land. This spur of land is about 1,000 feet wide, and has a lighthouse at its extremity. Very recently twenty large vessels ran into it for safety during a storm. I have taken a great liking to the place, for which I believe there is a grand future; and although an alien—it is on the American side—I have taken up a block of forty acres, having every confidence that before very long it will treble in value at the least. A large amount of English capital is embarked in speculations of this kind, and there is ample room for more. Should any of my friends like to follow my example, I shall be pleased to afford them all the advice and assistance in my power.

Victoria is to-day preparing for the *fête* of to-morrow—the Queen's birthday. People from all the neighbouring towns are expected in shoals; indeed, it is expected that a great difficulty will be experienced in housing them all. Last year many folks slept under canvas, roughly put up for shelter, but the climate is so dry that no harm comes of it. Mayor Grant has welcomed me back with great heartiness, and I expect to have a right merry time of it. The hotel in which I am lodging is filled with Mayors, Town Councillors, and other principal personages of the neighbouring towns, and among others is a Mr. Councillor Perkins of Port Townsend.

LETTER VII.

VICTORIA, B.C., *May 25th*, 1891.

IN British Columbia May 24th is a statute holiday, in honour of the Queen's birthday, and when that day falls on a Sunday, the 25th is substituted. But as Saturday here is always a half-holiday, it was decided by common consent that both Saturday and Monday should be given up to festivities. Crowds from the neighbouring towns are swarming in to take part in the games of cricket, lacrosse, baseball, regattas, rowing matches, fireworks, etc., and the city is *en fête*. Splendid cards of invitation,

together with the programme printed on satin, have been distributed by the Mayor, who, in his desire to do honour to the "old country," personally brought them to me. The whole affair has gone off to his entire satisfaction, and that of his visitors, myself included. The loyalty displayed in speeches, designs, flags, and other tokens, rather surprised me, as I have read so much about the strained conditions of things between Canada and the mother country; but here, in British Columbia, loyalty is triumphant, and no discordant remarks mar the pleasures of the day. But I must tear myself away from this gay and festive scene to prosecute my homeward journey, so I have taken passage for Vancouver, there to resume my baggage, and my "trip round the world."

TORONTO, *June 1st.*

Four days and nights have I lived in a railroad train, my seat by day being converted into a bed by night, with my opposite neighbour sleeping overhead, just like berths in a ship. Soon after dark, the "nigger gentleman" proceeds to convert the day saloon into a sleeping-room, by drawing down an over-head shelf, connecting the day seats by adding a centre cushion, putting sideboards, mattresses, sheets, pillows, etc, to each, hanging up curtains, which hang from top to bottom, and, lo! the change is complete. The difficulty is to hide behind the curtains whilst you are undressing and getting into bed, and more difficult still to do the opposite when getting up. Then a rush for the lavatory to get a hasty wash, for perhaps five or six persons may be waiting their turn. While performing your ablutions, the aforesaid nigger is putting back everything in its place; the windows are opened, and the day car resumes its normal aspect. A dining car accompanies the train, and three excellent meals are served daily.

The first two days were occupied by watching the wondrous scenery through which the train passes, by the banks of the Fraser and Columbia, and later on by the Eagle and Beaver rivers; by ravines in the sides of the mountains; by terrific passes—the train stops at one pass for five minutes to let you get out and look down off a parapet a sheer fall of 300 ft., with a torrent rushing from a hole in the rocks, finding its way to the river amidst huge boulders, making a fearful din—across the Selkirk range of mountains, and then over and between the Rocky Mountains; altogether such a route that you

are absorbed in wonder at the marvels of Nature. The train reaches an altitude of 5,000 ft., yet above you towers the snow-clad giant, threatening to pour down an avalanche of snow and ice that would send the train to destruction. Nor is this a mere supposition. Avalanches frequently occur; so for many miles of the tract snow-sheds of massive timbers are erected, under which the train proceeds, and, should the snow fall, it rolls off into the valley below. At the steepest part of the road three powerful engines were required to take us to the summit, which is reached at Mount Stephen. From this point to Banff, the road gradually descends to 2,500 ft. For a long distance before reaching Banff, we had noticed a large number of trees burning, and when about a mile from the station, it looked as if both sides of the railway were on fire, and the very tract destroyed. A man was sent on in front with a lamp to see exactly how matters stood, and he reported that the fire was all on the right-hand side, and the rails not damaged; so we proceeded to the station, the fire almost scorching our faces as we passed.

The drought all through Canada and the States has now lasted some weeks, and everything is as dry as tinder. Some of the fires are known to have been caused by the cinders from the engines, and, in one case, by carelessly throwing the end of a cigar alight upon the grass.

Banff is a place where many persons get out for a few days' rest. A national park has been reserved by the Government, twenty miles long by ten miles wide, comprising some of the finest scenery of mountains, waterfalls, lakes, sulphur springs, etc., and the neighbourhood is one calculated to invite sportsmen to linger. Travelling from the Pacific coast, Banff is always reached about eleven o'clock at night, so the remainder of the mountain scenery is lost in sleep.

The next two days were the dullest imaginable; level ground, devoid of trees, houses, and almost of grass, excepting at the different stations; and this continues until Winnipeg is reached. This is a large and important town, from whence intending settlers in Manitoba take their departure. I took the street car to the further end of the main street, a distance of nearly two miles, and walked leisurely back, so as to get a good view. There is a magnificent town-hall, many good churches and chapels, hotels, stores, shops, and plenty of people, apparently, to fill them. It was Wednesday, May 27th, and I bought the evening paper, and, to my surprise, the first thing I read was—"To-day

the great Derby race at Epsom, London, was run"; and then we had the names of the winners, their pedigree, the names of the riders, and some other particulars. The time when I was reading this was half-past four p.m.: the race was run at three p.m., and I am 6,000 miles away!

An interesting ride of twenty hours from Winnipeg brought us to Fort William, where I transferred to the steamer *Athabasca*, preferring the route by the lakes to a longer train journey of 1,000 miles. She was a fine steamer, capable of carrying a thousand passengers, and frequently has that number during the summer season. The scenery is very fine, both on Lake Superior and Lake Huron, but, unfortunately, it was obscured by the dense smoke arising from the forest fires now devastating the State of Michigan, and which also had the effect of retarding our voyage, the steamer continually stopping to cast the lead; and a most anxious time it proved for the captain, officers, and passengers, some of whom were slightly alarmed. These lakes are connected by rapids, over which nothing but the Indian bark canoes can venture. The fall is about eighteen feet, so a lock—it is said to be the largest in the world—has been made by which this difference in height is overcome, and the traffic through this lock is greater than that which passes through the Suez Canal. It is curious to watch the passage of three or four huge, cumbrous freight steamers in the lock at the same time, carrying, it may be, wheat, iron, stone, or timber, to various ports on the lakes, many such steamers having a capacity of 10,000 tons burden.

We got into Toronto at ten p.m., having been delayed many hours by the smoke. Toronto is a really handsome city, with large, wide streets, running parallel with each other, and others crossing at right angles. It soon becomes easy to find one's way about by this arrangement. The place is severely governed by the civic authorities, on strict moral principles. The by-laws ordain that no swearing is permitted; drunkenness is a crime that is punished by heavy fines; adultery and seduction are met by long terms of imprisonment; trams, cabs, and hacks, are totally forbidden on Sundays; so is the sale of any article except drugs; and you cannot get a drink of any sort, or a cigar or tobacco, from seven p.m. on Saturday evenings until seven a.m. Monday. Churches abound, and attendance at them is the only break in the Sabbath; and, I must say that the churches are beautiful, and largely attended. It was a great sight last night to see the thousands turning out of the

various sacred edifices and taking their evening promenade. They are all called "Churches" here, because, as there is no established religion, there can be no Dissenters, and all are on the same voluntary footing. To-day, however, all is changed; from the strictly devout, the city is all life and bustle:—crowds jostle in the streets, tramcars and cabs ply for hire (by-the-way, the tramcars here, having lasted out their original franchise, have, within the last fortnight, been given up to the Civic authorities, upon payment by the city of a sum for horses and cars, as adjudged by arbitration); the stores are busy with their various trades; drinking and smoking is going on vigorously, as if to make up for yesterday's abstinence; and so it will go on until Sunday comes again.

LETTER VIII.

THE TORONTO CLUB, *June 8th.*

TORONTO claims to be the most English city in Canada, and to a great extent it is true, and yet one feels that there is a sort of feverish state of existence which seems to attack everybody who lands on the American shores, whether United States or Canada. It has fine, wide streets, but at present is only indifferently paved, wood planking covering the side walks, and butts of cedar-trees or pines forming the roadways. As these logs are not all of the same size or height, they give a jerky motion to vehicles that is far from pleasant; the tramcars, however, are so numerous, that few persons other than tradesmen or the upper classes notice the inconvenience.

The Temperance question is carried out to an extent that might almost be called a mania. There are over 200 churches, and only 130 saloons, or places where intoxicants can be purchased, including hotels, a proportion that few, if any, other city can parallel. I paid my respects to the Mayor, Mr. E. F. Clarke, who was most anxious to give me all the information in his power as to municipal work. Accordingly, I was handed over to Mr. R. Ardagh, the head of the Fire Department, and was driven by him to various stations, so that I could judge of

their efficiency. On giving the alarm, electric bells rang over the place, the stable doors opened automatically, and the horses, of their own accord, ran to the shafts, the men assembled, and all were ready to start in less than one minute. The use of engines has almost ceased, and reliance is placed upon the hydrants, which are placed not less than 100 yards apart, and the pressure of water is so great that it can be thrown eighty feet high from a one-inch nozzle. There are several lofty towers where fire-bells are hung; every part of the city is connected with the head office, and the whole machinery for coping with fire seems complete. The men are fine samples of firemen, satisfied with their work and wages, and seldom wishing to leave the service. I was shown the drill and performances, exactly the same as was exhibited to the Duke of Connaught when here. Next I was handed over to Colonel Gresett, Chief of Police, who explained the working of their system, founded somewhat on that of London.

In every quarter of the city, I had noticed ugly-looking boxes, which, he informed me, were temporary detention boxes, where a prisoner could be placed for a short time whilst the policeman telegraphed for the patrol-van, which started off at once, and brought the prisoner to the gaol, thus preventing the officer leaving his beat, and the sometimes difficult task of dragging his "capture" through the streets. Colonel Gresett had in his office a glass-case, filled with implements used for burglaries, and murderous implements of offence or defence that had been taken from prisoners. In connection with the police is an ambulance van, and the men are taught the system, and affiliated to the Society of St. John.

The following day I was placed under the care of Alderman W. D. McPherson, chairman of the Educational Department, and of Mr. James L. Hughes, Chief-Inspector of Schools, who drove me to several schools, both primary and of the higher grade. The primary schools have large class-rooms, ranging from eight to sixteen rooms, according to the needs of the neighbourhood, and the children, boys and girls, are mostly instructed by young ladies. When sufficiently advanced, the children are transferred to the high schools, and in these latter the education is of the widest range. I saw a class of young ladies being taught botany, and each one had a plant or flower on her desk, provided by the gardener, and of that plant or flower she was expected to give a full description in writing, according to the definition of botanical science. Examining a class of boys, I

was invited to pass through and inspect each boy's work for the day. There were about eighty, and all had been engaged on the same subject, and committed it to writing from oral dictation, the result being remarkably good. Some objection has been made to the employment of lady teachers for boy classes, but in Toronto it has been found to have an ameliorating influence. All the children seem to take an intelligent interest in their studies, and to be under the complete control of their teachers. For the younger children, each school has a Kindergarten class, and it was delightful to witness the pleasure of the little things at their lessons. The schools are well built and furnished, but extravagance does not seem to have crept in, and the temperature and ventilation, from basement to roof, is simply perfect, by the use of Smead's system, which has recently been introduced into London. Fire drill is practised every week, and when the alarm is sounded the teacher has complete control over the movements of the children, who are not allowed to leave their seat, only at the word of command, and thus crowding and crushing is avoided. Only a fortnight before I visited the schools a real fire broke out, and a lady teacher, of youthful age, was in command, and so well did she keep the scholars in hand that all were safe in the playground in less than two minutes, and before the firemen reached the spot. She was highly complimented, both by the Committee and public press. I think that some of our school authorities might learn a useful lesson by taking a leaf out of Toronto's book. A pleasant little luncheon wound up a most interesting day, and I shall ever think of the Mayor's kindness with much pleasure. If he and his Council would take up the matter of road-making, and lay all the roads with asphalte, or wood, on our London system, his city would be one of the best in Canada.

Of course I paid a visit to the market, which occupies a large area in the centre of a spacious square lying immediately behind the principal street, one side of the square being the site of the City Hall. It is a general market, the property of the Corporation, and the shops are let on rental, subject to police supervision, and under by-laws as to the regulation of the traffic, otherwise the business does not seem to be interfered with by any Corporation Committee. The market is adequate to the present needs of the population, now about 200,000, but is scarcely likely to be so when it has increased to one million, which they are sanguine of reaching in time; and space has been left within the city boundary to afford sufficient accommodation for

the population reaching the latter growth. The large number of stately edifices used for banks, newspaper offices and life assurance companies—many of them being from seven to ten storeys high, with elevators to the top floors, from whence a splendid view of the city is obtained—is evidence that a great future is expected; and one office, the Corporation Life Association, not content with their present handsome location, is building in the neighbourhood of the post-office an enormous block, from which two lofty towers will lift their proud heads, that is to eclipse everything in the city. There must be enormous profits arising from such institutions, for I have noticed throughout my wanderings that they are located in the finest positions, and are the most beautiful architectural edifices.

From Toronto, I went to Niagara Falls, partly by steamer, partly by rail (in all a four hours' trip), and put up at the village of Niagara, on the American side. At one time a visit to the Falls was a matter of great expense; squatters had monopolized all the best views, and charged extortionately for admittance. This was such a reproach, that the Canadian Government on the one side, and the United States on the other, bought up all rights, and formed parks nearly ten miles long, which are open to the public free from all expense. Nice seats are erected at all the best points of view; one can linger as long as one pleases, can ramble from Bath Island to Goat Island, the Sister Islands, the Luna Island, and watch the rapids and cascades at one's own sweet will on the American side, or, by going over the suspension bridge—for which a charge of one shilling is made to go and return—a splendid view of the American Falls and of the Horseshoe Fall is obtained; and following the Victoria Park to see the rapids of the Niagara River, you can stroll over the Dufferin Islands, so tastefully bridged together and many miles in extent, with the waters dashing and roaring as they speed on to the final leap. In common with many other persons, I was not so overpowered with the first view; but on lingering there for three days, they fascinated me with their grandeur and immensity, and I am compelled to say that no combination of words that the most gifted author could use at all approaches the true description. It never tires: the longer you stay the longer you wish to stop, and it requires the stronger force of circumstances to tear one's self away.

The source of the falls is the overflow of the immense Lakes Superior, Huron, Michigan, and Erie. At lake Erie, the Niagara River begins its course to lake Ontario, which is nearly

two hundred feet lower in level than the other lakes, and as the river gets narrower, having been navigable for thirty miles, the waters leap over the rocks in one everlasting awful current that nothing can oppose. Having taken this wonderful leap, with a surprising and deafening roar, the river for a mile or so looks calm, but again narrowing, fresh rapids are formed, which end in a whirlpool, in which it may be remembered Captain Webb lost his life in his foolhardy attempt to swim through it. After the whirlpool, the river widens, and empties into Lake Ontario, and is navigable by large steamers. This latter lake runs for about 180 miles from Toronto, and enters the river St. Lawrence, and so finds its way to the ocean. I went behind the Horseshoe Falls, in a gallery cut in the solid rock, to see the effect of the water falling like a huge crystal curtain before you. You have to wear a suit of tarpaulins that envelop you from head to foot, or you would be drenched to the skin; and so it is in taking a trip in the "Maid of the Mist," a small steamer that takes you close to the falling spray, and right into the foam, and looks as if she were seeking destruction, but after twenty minutes you find yourself on *terra firma*, once more filled with strange emotions from the unusual kind of voyage.

LETTER IX.

BUFFALO, N.Y., *June 13th, 1891.*

BUFFALO, being in the vicinity of Niagara, and a place of great importance in the grain and lumber trade, I made a slight *détour* to see it. It is situated on Lake Erie, just where the lake enters the Niagara River on its way to the Falls, from which it is thirty miles distant, all but the last seven miles being navigable. It is a remarkably handsome city, the streets being wide, and for the most part paved with asphalt. They boast of having over a hundred miles thus paved, the sole exception being Main Street, the chief business street, and that, with its immense traffic, is indeed a hard road to travel, made up of large blocks of stone or wood, with deep spaces between, the rails for street cars rather above the surface,

together making a most uncomfortable road for vehicles. Most of the streets have the old trees lining each side of the way, which gives a very refreshing appearance; the houses, of good size, mostly of brown brick or stone, and many large and stately buildings, give evidence of its being a wealthy place. An enormous park and cemetery, both handsomely planned as to paths, but retaining as far as possible the natural state of things, give beauty and recreation to the inhabitants. I waited upon the Mayor, Mr. C. F. Bishop, who received me with the greatest courtesy; informed me as to their municipal arrangements; asked me to ascend the tower of the City Hall, over two hundred feet high, by a winding staircase, to obtain a view of the city; but, as he candidly avowed that he had never had the courage to go up, I also declined, preferring to attend a sitting of the Council then in session. The municipal buildings contain, besides the Mayor's parlour, offices for all the Council officers, and the Council Chamber. I was shown into many of the offices, and introduced to the heads of departments, and, to my surprise, found nearly everybody smoking. Think of our Town Clerk and the Chamberlain solacing themselves with a cigar in the midst of daily work! When I entered the Council, I saw the President standing to put the question "Aye," or "No," with a bell in one hand and a cigar in the other; most of the Aldermen and Councillors smoking, and even the public doing the same. I was promptly offered a "smoke." To me it was the funniest thing I had met with, combining business and pleasure. It is the custom in the States to elect a President of the Council, as the Mayor's time is fully occupied on other matters. The mayors are elected for two years, and are eligible for re-election. I obtained a splendid view of the city from the roof of the Iroquois Hotel, an eleven-storey erection, ascended by an elevator, which I find to be a most pleasant way of obtaining good views.

Returning to Toronto, getting one long, last, lingering look at the Falls, as we passed in the train, my next point was Montreal, which can be reached either by railway or by steamer down the lake of Ontario, threading the celebrated Thousand Islands and the rapids, which is by far the most interesting route, but occupying thirty hours in transit as against twelve by railway.

Local guide books give such ample description of this locality that I will not weary my readers with detailed information; suffice it to say that many of the islands are large enough to be

inhabited by considerable numbers of people, whilst others are so small as to have but a single tree growing upon them. As the steamer winds its way along, it sometimes seems that there is "no thoroughfare," but at last a turn of the helm gives a vista of renewed beauty. The great charm of the passage is, however, the "shooting of the rapids." There are five sets of rapids in all, caused by the rush of water between the islands and the numerous rocks that beset the channel, the principal ones being Long Sault and Lachine. It looks as if the steamer must be dashed to pieces—as if being deliberately steered to destruction—for amidst the boiling foam stands out a huge rock. You notice that four seamen have gone to assist the man at the wheel, that you are rapidly approaching the rock, when the mighty current dashes the steamer's head to one side, and she would be inevitably driven against a lower and opposing rock but for the efforts of the men at the wheel, under the direction of the Indian pilot, who stands calm and unmoved, and the vessel glides into smooth water.

All this is particularly noticeable at the Lachine Rapids, perhaps the most dangerous of all, where the rocks look very ugly, and the stoutest heart cannot help feeling just a little alarmed. In less than ten minutes after, the steamer is safely moored alongside the quay in Montreal.

Montreal is the largest city in Canada, and although it is not the seat of the government—which is at Ottawa—it is really the commercial capital and the centre of trade. It is well graded, the streets being at right angles, most of them paved with asphalt, lighted by electricity, street cars in nearly every one of them, most substantial and elegant buildings for banks, offices, and stores, churches in abundance, and the public buildings, such as the Post-office and City Hall, being splendid specimens of architecture. The majority of the people are Romanists, and their principal church "Notre Dame," is a splendid instance of Gothic taste—very large, and to some extent incongruous, having two galleries round three sides of it. I saw it well filled on a Sunday morning, and the volume of sound when the whole congregation sang was immense. The principal place of resort is the Royal Mountain Park, perhaps 600 feet high, ascended by an elevator railway drawn up by ropes; from the top of which is a fine view of the city and the river St. Lawrence. This is the head-quarters of the Allan line of steamers to England, and the limit of ocean-going vessels, the channel above being impassable. Indeed, the steamers that shoot the rapids have to

return by means of a canal to a point in the islands above where the rapids commence.

According to my custom, I waited upon the Mayor, the Hon. James McShane, a gentleman of great popularity in the city, and who received 5,000 more votes than had ever been given to a mayor. He has risen from the ranks to the highest office in the province of Ontario, and resigned that position to become Mayor, in order to serve and protect the working classes, whose idol he is, in fact he is known as "the people's Jimmy." I found him at a sort of *levée*, sitting in his parlour, receiving any and all persons wishing to speak to him, even without introduction. This he does twice a week; and there was a host of people—some wanting work, others seeking charity, wives pleading for husbands, or sons "taken up" and charged with breaches of the law, travelling musicians asking permits to play in the city, young and friendless ladies wishing to be put in the way of earning an honest living. It was, indeed, curious to note the many wants brought before him. Those that required more consideration than he could give were handed over to one of the Aldermen, until the whole were disposed of. In the meantime I was taken charge of by the ex-Mayor, and with him exchanged notes as to where we resembled and where we differed in municipal work. When my stay was coming to a conclusion, champagne and apollinaris were ordered, which closed the meeting very appropriately. It is surprising how the visit of so humble a personage as myself, but coming from the old country, and being a member of its oldest Corporation, is appreciated. I would advise any of my colleagues not to "hide their light under a bushel," when travelling, but make a point of calling upon civic dignitaries. One learns many things which seem strange at first but after a time are found to be improvements. This part of Canada having formerly been a French possession, the French language is in general use, but most educated people speak both English and French. The Mayor had to change from one to the other frequently, when listening to the wants of the people; and it is the same all over the province. The Canadians' pronunciation of French is more like that in use in Brittany than the Continent; in fact, the first colonists came from that part of France.

A trip to the historical city of Quebec, which is about 180 miles down the St. Lawrence, could not be excluded from my list of visits. Very fine steamers run every evening, excepting Sundays, from Montreal, reaching Quebec about six o'clock in

the morning, and a beautiful trip it is. The best thing to do, if you have but one day at your disposal, is to charter a carriage directly after breakfast—served on board at seven a.m.,—and drive to the chief points of interest in the suburbs and on the heights, leaving strolling about the town until the afternoon, just before the steamer sails again for Montreal. Thus you drive out to the Falls of Montmorency. "Oh! you must do the Falls," says everybody to you; and when you see them, having come almost straight from Niagara, you think them "very small potatoes." Still, for all that, it is a mighty fall, exceeding Niagara by nearly eighty feet, but there is not the body of water rushing over; it is a comparatively small, unnavigable river, rising in the mountains, about ten miles off, and falls into the St. Lawrence at this spot. If one had not seen Niagara first, this of Montmorency would have been considered very sublime, with its veil of spray, and the wonderful rainbow arising from the rays of the sun shining on the spray.

A long drive brings you to the upper part of the city, known as the "Plains of Abraham." Here the celebrated battle took place between the English and French, commanded respectively by General Wolfe and General Montcalm, in which the former gained the victory, and lost his life. There is a monument erected to the memory of Wolfe on the spot where he fell mortally wounded, and another to the joint memory of them, having "Montcalm" engraved on one side of the pedestal, and "Wolfe" on the other. Strong fortifications are on the heights, which, even in these days of heavy guns, would be hard to take. Many parts of the old town are still standing; (the head-quarters of Montcalm are unaltered), but the new is predominating. Parliament House, City Hall, post-offices, and many new hotels are notable buildings; a fashionable promenade, known as Dufferin, affords a capital view of the city and river, and there is still a large business done; but, unfortunately, there are signs of decay arising. I heard that within a month three sugar refineries had been closed, many stores were unoccupied, and in conversation with people whom I should think were in a position to judge, I was told that business was gradually falling off and making for Montreal. Priestcraft seems to be at the bottom of all this change of circumstances; the priests do not wish the people to be educated, or only to receive such education as they choose to give; servants in private houses are urged to give more of their wages; and if they say they cannot afford more, they are told to ask for

higher wages, and threaten to leave if not raised, and so the coffers of the Church are maintained. Quebec is far more under the Romish yoke than Montreal; at all events, the people have submitted to it more readily, and the result is stagnation. My return trip to Montreal was as pleasant as the outward one, and I shall long remember with pleasure the hours I spent in the two cities.

LETTER X.

Boston, *July 11th*, 1891.

Boston reminds me more of an English city than any I have seen in the States. It is old-fashioned and tortuous in the older parts, and that comprises the major part of the business streets, and there the comparison ceases. The newer part is laid out on the American plan of avenues and streets at right angles. These avenues stretch away far into the suburbs, and contain many fine residences. There is an indication of wealth all around; and I was told that business was on the increase, and there was nothing to complain of on that score. Having had a good look around, I waited upon the Mayor as usual. Unfortunately he was out; but his private secretary made me acquainted with their management of municipal matters. They have Aldermen and Common Councillors. The Mayor need not be a member of either of those bodies, as the Council is presided over by a President elected from the Aldermen. I made inquiry as to their management of the markets, and found that they were built and controlled by the Council; that only rents were charged for the shops and stalls, toll being unknown; and farmers were allowed to sell produce from the waggon without any charge. He placed a carriage at my disposal, and sent a clerk with me, not only to inspect the markets, but to view the sights of the city generally. I had a long interview with the superintendent of the market, and found in the main that he had much the same duties to perform as our Mr. Stephens and Mr. Philcox have to do, to whom he sent his compliments and respects. The markets are substantial buildings, well placed in the centre of the city, with wide streets all round, giving ample

space for the vehicles that attend the market. I was pleased with the general arrangement, the cleanliness, and the passage-room for the public. We then proceeded to the harbour, and found it to consist of a spacious bay, dotted with hundreds of islands that give it a very picturesque appearance; ships once inside find good moorings, and are practically land-locked. Docks, in the sense of those we have in London, there are none, but ships are moored alongside the wharves of such merchants to whom they are consigned. One of the wharves had this notice upon it: "This is the wharf where the tea was thrown overboard," referring to an incident in the history of Boston that precipitated the War of Independence.

Boston was one of the early settlements of the Pilgrim Fathers, and there are many relics of their time still retained. The old City Hall is now the home of the Massachusetts' Historical Society, and they have collected old letters, old books, old pictures and engravings—in fact all that they have been able to lay hands upon—and a visit is very interesting. Some few years ago a fire made great havoc of the old tenements; but fortunately it stopped before destroying the oldest meeting-house, where, in the seventeenth century, the Davenports, the Emersons, the Mathews, held forth, and proved to their own and their hearers' satisfaction that they were the saints of the Lord, and that the fulness of the earth was fairly theirs. In the places of the old buildings have arisen a wonderful set of palatial offices, many of them twelve storeys high; but that is no disadvantage in these days, the use of elevators in America being universal. In fact, the upper rooms are now most sought after, being cooler, and getting more fresh air, and less noise. From one of these I got a splendid view of the city. The new City Hall is a very fine building, and exceeds ours in size. The State offices, or the official residence of the Governor, with its great gilded dome, is a noble structure, standing on an eminence, and in all "views of Boston" it is the dominant figure.

But the glory of the Bostonians is the monument on Bunker Hill, erected to commemorate an incident in the early part of the War of Independence, when 3,000 sharp-shooters on the American side threw up a sort of fortification on this mound to stop the advance of the British army of 4,500. The firing of these men was so effective that soon 1,500 British troops were killed; the failing of ammunition, however, caused the Americans to "bolt" after losing about 500 of their men, and the English remained masters of the field. The monument is

a square obelisk of granite, 220 feet high, and, of course, a splendid view can be obtained from the top; but the absence of an elevator was enough to make me decline the ascent, with the thermometer at 90 deg. in the shade, so we drove to the neighbouring town of Cambridge, which appears but a suburb, being continuous with Boston, and only divided by a creek that runs up from the sea. Although a small place, it has a great reputation, being the seat of Harvard University, one of the most celebrated of the educational establishments in America. It was vacation time when I visited it, but I was able to inspect all the main buildings, the statues, the library, and recitation-rooms, to wander in the well-kept gardens, and mentally to compare this university with those of Oxford and Cambridge in my own country; and I could not help feeling that the halo and glory of antiquity were wanting. Close by these classic groves is the home in which Longfellow lived and died; Elmwood House, the home of James Russell Lowell, recently ambassador to England; and, further on, Mount Auburn Cemetery, where rest the remains of Longfellow. The tomb is in the form of a sarcophagus of granite, very simple in design, and bears only the word, "Longfellow," and the date. The cemetery is a wonderful spot for landscape gardening, being a series of hills and dales, the designer having taken every advantage of the situation. It covers a large surface, and the diversity of valley, hill, lake, and trees, is very charming, a fitting resting-place for a great poet. The following stanza from his writings would have been appropriate:—

"Dust thou art, to dust returning,
Was not spoken of the soul."

The whole city is redolent of recollections both of the War of Independence and the Civil War, so there is no fear of the rising generation remaining in ignorance of the deeds of their ancestors. On every hand are to be found monuments to the fallen heroes, successful generals, and eminent statesmen. Washington, of course, is the most frequent; Franklin, Everett, Jefferson, Adams, and many others illustrate the first war; and Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Jackson, Meade, and many others, represent the Civil War; and in every park, garden, or open space, these memorials meet your view; in fact you cannot get away from them.

There is a large traffic between Boston and New York, and the favourite method is to take the large steamers that sail

from each place every evening and do the journey during the night. These are very large vessels, like those that frequently illustrate American views. They are four-deckers, the lowest deck being the dining saloon, the next the deck for embarking and landing; above is the grand saloon, and above this is a gallery. State rooms are on all the decks, with an outside promenade from fore to aft. A band of music accompanies each steamer, and from five p.m. to seven p.m., and again from eight p.m. to half-past ten p.m. discourse sweet music, both in the popular and classic styles. Sometimes dancing is introduced, and altogether the trip is made very agreeable. Some of your readers may remember a comedy that was on our stage a few years ago, called "*Fun on the Bristol*," that being the name of a celebrated steamer of that date, now superseded by still finer vessels, the *Pilgrim* and *Puritan*, fitting names for ships sailing from New England waters. In ordinary times, the steamers carry from 500 to 800 passengers, and in the height of the summer season more than double that number. They are huge, floating hotels, handsomely decorated in white and gold, well carpeted, and having all the accommodation the most fastidious could desire.

LETTER XI.

DELAWARE WATER GAP, PENNSYLVANIA, *July 20th, 1891.*

ON my way to Philadelphia, I went off the line to visit a fellow-passenger who had gone round the world with me, and keeps a farm at Bordentown, one of the old historic cities of New Jersey. Here I spent four quiet days, recuperating from the fatigues of travel—enjoying the calm serenity of farm life, and the pleasure of partaking of fresh milk and butter, fresh vegetables, and fruit plucked daily for the table. The country around was diversified by hill, valley, and stream; the soil was rich, and abundantly repaid the farmer's toil. It really seemed as if I was in the Land of Promise. It was dusk when I arrived, and I was struck with the enormous number of glow-worms and fire-bugs in the hedges and trees, the last-named

being a fly that gives off flashes of electric light every second or so, which has a most peculiar and pleasing effect. In my friend's "buggy" I explored the neighbourhood, visiting other farmers, and being received with that unbounded hospitality accorded by Americans to visitors from the old country. They revel in giving a hearty welcome to such, and they show a great veneration for the land from whence their ancestors came. They are eager to learn if any of their old connections are known by their visitor, and listen with interest to the description one can give of particular localities. Many of these farmers are very wealthy men, and you frequently find that they have business engagements in the large cities, and carry on the farm more for amusement than profit, although as I have previously hinted, farming in this part of the country pays.

Bordentown was selected at a very early date for a settlement ; it is situated on the Delaware river, which is navigable to the ocean, and this perhaps influenced the choice. During the War of Independence, it was the scene of many a hard fought skirmish, and evidence of this is seen in the church of Prospect, which was riddled by cannon shot, two of the holes remaining to this day. It was also chosen as the retreat of the Bonaparte family, when exiled from France after the collapse of its chief member. Joseph Bonaparte, erewhile King of Italy and King of Spain, here bought an estate, built a mansion, kept a yacht on the Delaware, and made a subterraneous tunnel from the mansion to the river side, so as to enable him to escape if danger threatened ; kept up considerable state, and came to be greatly beloved by the inhabitants. Prince Murat, one of Napoleon's dashing cavalry officers, took up his residence near by, and quite a French colony was formed, which is shown by the names of families to this time, although the language has vanished. Joseph Bonaparte lived to see his nephew, Napoleon III., on the throne of France, and returned thither to die. The fact that he was once King of Spain has led the people of New Jersey to be nicknamed by other states, "Spaniards," but that is the only reason, for there is no Spanish element in the place. The estate he occupied has passed into the possession of the Roman Catholics, who maintain it as a retreat for their priests during vacations.

Another noted personage still lives here, at Ironsides, the family home of old Commodore Stewart, one of America's heroes, in the person of his daughter, Mrs. Parnell, the aged mother of Charles Stewart Parnell, Home Ruler, would-be ruler of the

Irish Party, the husband of divorced Mrs. O'Shea, and the owner of other eccentric qualifications. It is a pleasant and rural retreat on the river's bank, and it is a marvel how the late Miss Fanny Parnell could have imbibed such ultra strong views—such dynamite views, as she was used to uphold—in so peaceful an atmosphere. But human nature is often erratic, and as, according to Carlyle, there are lots of us to be included amongst fools, so it is only charitable to suppose that she was one of the latter, and not really vicious.

Near by, in the State of Pennsylvania, is the place where I am writing this, the Delaware Water Gap. It is a little village, much resorted to by New Yorkers, situated in the mountains, celebrated for its scenery, for the purity of the atmosphere, and other life-giving qualities. Here in the summer months they crowd to revel in rustic scenery, mountainous drives, or listen to the cataract—not so magnificent as Niagara, but a respectable one, especially after a few days rain, such as we have had to put up with. Fishing, sailing, or rowing on the Delaware, is within the reach of all, and tends to calm the feverish rush of business life in the States. As a gentleman remarked just now, of New York: there are two streams of people going in opposite directions, and unless you run with one or the other, you will be simply pushed down and lost sight of. "Hurry up" is the universal motto, and hence the necessity for such retreats as this.

Philadelphia, the Quaker City, or the City of Brotherly Love (for it is called by all these names), is the capital of the State of Pennsylvania, after the name of its founder, William Penn, who left England with a band of followers to escape persecution. It was, and perhaps is, the second city of the States, but Chicago runs it close in the matter of population, and the result of the present census may possibly place it as third. It is a very handsome city, has many stately buildings, a splendid City Hall not yet finished, built in the form of a square, with an immense inner quadrangle, with a public passage through it from north to south and east to west, a dome over the west entrance, and a lofty tower over the east, but not yet completed. The Mayor, Mr. Stewart, was unfortunately absent, but a friend, Mr. Conrad, whom I previously knew, piloted me to the chief places of interest, and refreshed me at his club, the Union League. The old City Hall, known as Independence Hall, for it was within its walls the original Declaration of Independence was drawn up and signed, was our first point, and it was full of

records of that time, with portraits of the men who brought it mainly about. Next, to the Mint, where now only silver is coined, and the whole operation was shown to us. Then to one of the principal stores, an immense block, where everything is sold from a toothpick to a gold watch; it is run by Wannamaker, the present Postmaster-General, and a millionaire. To Girard's College, Carpenter's Hall, the Custom House, the Post Office, a grand marble edifice, the Mercantile Library, the Ridgeway Library, the Academy of Arts, made up a long round of visits, all of a most interesting character; but the building I most wished to inspect was closed, viz., the Masonic Temple, probably the largest existing home that body possesses in any place in the world. Externally, it is very handsome, and, like most of the buildings I have named, constructed of white marble, with a square tower rising some 200 feet. My friend not being able to spare any more time, I waited upon another gentleman whose acquaintance I made at Del Monte, California, Mr. Staake, an attorney, who had extracted a promise from me that if ever I visited Philadelphia, I would call upon him. Luckily he was in, and at once ordered his carriage and drove me round the city to take a general view of it, and then wound up with a visit to the celebrated Fairmount Park, said to be the largest city park in the world, embracing a total area of 2,700 acres, being, in one direction nearly fourteen miles long. The Schuylkill river runs a long distance through it, and also the Wissahickon creek, and the combination of these waters with hills and valleys, make up a series of most charming landscapes. Moreover, it has a large number of statues adorning every turn of the paths, a colossal bronze one of Abraham Lincoln being the most noticeable. It was in this park that the great Centenary Exhibition of 1876 was held, and some of the buildings then used still remain, one being the Memorial Hall, now devoted to a permanent art and industrial exhibition, similar to that we have at South Kensington. Another building was presented to the city by the English exhibitors as a token of friendship between the two nations, and is used as the horticultural building. I found the time at my disposal all too short for a visit to such a famous place, but it may tempt me to go there again.

LETTER XII.

WASHINGTON, D.C., *July 22nd, 1891.*

WASHINGTON, the capital of the United States, the seat of the Federal Government, and the home of the President, is the most handsome city I have met with in the States, and the reason is that it was mapped out and planned before a single house was built or the streets graded. When the site was determined it was in the centre of the then occupied States; now, of course, by the march of events, which has added the Far West right to the Pacific Ocean within its jurisdiction, it is an eastern city. It is built on a projecting point of land formerly in the State of Maryland, and divided from Virginia by the Potomac River, which bounds it on two sides. The city is a distinct province; is not included in any one of the States; is not subject to the State laws, and governed solely by the President and his Cabinet; consequently there is neither Mayor nor Corporation, the inhabitants have no voting qualification, and it is unique in every respect. Here was a wonderful opportunity for architect and engineer, and they laid out the ground by wide avenues and streets crossing them at right angles; nothing crooked in the arrangement, and all on the square. They took occasion to reserve immense spaces for parks and gardens, and probably no other city possesses so many breathing spaces where children can play and older folks can sit and rest in the shade of trees. The principal avenue, named Pennsylvania, is 160 ft. wide, with the Capitol at the eastern end, and the White House at the south-west end; whilst another avenue goes more directly to the west, where, at the extreme point and close to the river, stands George Washington's monument. The Capitol is a huge, elegant building, very similar in appearance to St. Paul's Cathedral, supposing that to have a large extension towards Ludgate-hill, and another towards the east, where the school used to stand. It is built on an eminence that requires over one hundred steps to reach the ground floor. The centre part is of stone, painted white, but the extensions or wings are of white marble; it stands in a large open space, and on the eastern front looks on to a large park, whilst the western front looks down towards the White House, seen about a mile and a-half

off. The avenue between is made up of the principal hotels, stores, various institutions, etc., with horse-cars, omnibuses, buggies, cabs, and all kinds of vehicles passing, and presents a very brilliant picture. The north wing is devoted to the Senate, the south to the House of Representatives, both very fine chambers, with an allotted seat for each member. The Rotunda, under the dome, is adorned by eight large oil paintings representing scenes in the War of Independence, of course, in each instance, with the Americans beating the English, any reverses being kept out of view. A large number of statues adorn the building, representing the most eminent statesmen, generals, and scholars. The length of the whole building is 750 feet, width of Rotunda 96 feet, and the height of the dome is 307 feet above the base line, and is surmounted by a lantern 52 feet high, again by a ball, and in turn by a bronze statue of Liberty 19½ feet high.

But stop, I am not writing a guide book, simply my impressions, but I know these dimensions made a most decided impression upon me during a stay of several hours, surveying all the details.

The White House, on the other hand, is a mean affair, and no potentate in Europe is so badly housed from a palatial point of view. Very likely it is a pleasant home inside, but it has no garden outside; unfortunately I could not get a glimpse of the inside, for it was in the hands of contractors—whitewashing, painting, papering, and all that sort of thing—whilst the President with his family were taking holiday at his favourite seaside resort, Cape May.

The Washington monument is an obelisk of granite, built up 555 feet high; an elevator inside hoists the spectator to a height of 500 feet, and there are large windows on each of its east, west, north, and south sides, from which a splendid view is obtained, the course of the Potomac being traced for many miles. No charge is made for the ascent, for, like all Government buildings in America, it is for the people, belongs to the people, and therefore free to visit. That is one benefit of Republican institutions: springing from the people, they belong to the nation, and there is less red-tape than in England. All you want to know is—"Is it a public building?" And if it is, open the door, march in, walk about, ask for what information you require, and it is freely accorded.

The other public buildings of importance is the United States Treasury, where the gold coinage is stored to meet demands of

paper-money; but, it is a curious thing in America, nobody carries gold, they don't like it; even in the stores they look suspiciously at it--but give them a dirty bit of nasty looking paper, which states that it is good for five dollars, and they receive it without hesitation. In this building is printed all the paper-money and bonds issued by the Government, and when they at last are returned past further use, they are converted into pulp and made up into souvenirs of the place, each piece, which you can buy for a few cents, having formerly represented several thousand dollars. Close by the Treasury is the office of the State, War, and Navy Departments, where models of ships, guns, fortresses, uniforms, and other interesting objects can be inspected; so also at the Patent Office, where all models of inventions are exhibited. The Post-office is a very imposing and vast edifice of white marble, well suited to the postal necessities of America, and then near by is a new building called the Pension Building, having a vast interior court filled with cupboards to hold the applications and qualifications of those asking for or enjoying a pension by reason of having taken part in the Civil War, or being related to somebody that fell in it. Excepting such persons as are enjoying a pension, I have met very few thoughtful Americans that approve the scheme, describing it as a political machine, leading to extravagance and jobbery. The building, however, is very handsome, built in the Renaissance style, and is notable for the great use made of terra-cotta for cornices, medallions, and a band of sculpture 1,200 ft. in length, representing an army in campaign assisted by sailors and boats in the navy, the effect being very beautiful. The figures are 3 ft. high, and are on the level of the second floor. Once a year a ball is given here by the President, and the vast floor, 400 ft. by 200 ft., is devoted to dancing. The Department of Agriculture contains a museum, library, herbarium (25,000 kinds of plants), green-houses, with beautifully laid out flower gardens. Close by is the Fish Culture Department, with large aquariums; and adjoining is the Smithsonian Institution—a gift to the city by James Smithson, an Englishman, for “increase and diffusion of knowledge among men,” which was built in 1847. It contains metallurgical, ethnological, and mineralogical collections and curiosities, whilst an annexe contains many objects of art and social interest that were exhibited at the Centennial Exhibition, 1876, and the donations of Foreign Governments to the United States. Another gift to the nation is the Corcoran Art

Gallery, which was given to the people by W. W. Corcoran, banker, who also endowed it with 900,000 dollars. It contains about 200 pictures, many of them of great value, and a large quantity of statuary, foremost of which is Power's Greek Slave. The Navy Yard is a place well worthy of a visit, and much first-rate work is turned out; some gunboats and torpedo boats were in construction, and a good deal of vigour was manifested in the management.

I could easily go on giving descriptions of places that I inspected, but let the general impression suffice. Washington is a vast city for its present population, under 200,000, but is laid out with a view to its becoming much larger; it will always be a "show" city, not an industrial one; it has an air of quietude about it vastly different to the rush and turmoil of New York; to it will flow the art treasures that wealthy Americans are prone to bequeath to the nation, and the hero worship of America's idol, George Washington, will preserve it for ever as the centre of the Government and of the influence of the States upon the older nations of Europe.

No foreigner thinks of coming to this city without paying a visit to Mount Vernon, where are deposited the remains of George Washington. It is about fifteen miles below the city, on the Virginia side of the Potomac, and is reached by steamers that ply daily. The sail down the river is delightful, and affords excellent views of the country around. The estate was the property of the Washington family for many years, and was inherited by the hero in 1752, and he resided there as much as his warlike career permitted. It is a wood-built mansion, and contains many interesting historical relics, among which is the key of the Bastille presented by General Lafayette, also portions of the military and personal furniture of Washington, with paintings and portraits. The tomb stands in a retired situation near the mansion. It is a plain solid brick structure with an iron gate, through the bars of which can be seen the marble sarcophagi containing the remains of George and Martha Washington, the latter being his wife. The estate was purchased from his descendants in 1856, by a ladies' subscription, for 200,000 dollars, and by them presented to the nation as a sacred trust.

LETTER XIII.

NEW YORK, *July 29th*, 1891.

THERE are many seaside resorts in the immediate neighbourhood of New York some account of which may prove interesting. Of these Long Branch is the most aristocratic, if that word may be applied to a country that poses as a Republic. It is situated on the Atlantic coast of New Jersey, about a two hours' railway journey from this place. Here many of the leaders of fashion have built handsome residences, stretching over a length of four miles of coast. This was President Garfield's summer home, and here he died after the assassin's fatal shot that cut him off in the full vigour of life and in the midst of his Presidential career. Here, too, the Rothschilds; the Vanderbilts; G. W. Child, the proprietor of the *Public Ledger*; Munro, who has made an immense fortune by publishing ten cent. novels; Otis, manager of Adams's Express Company; and many other millionaires have palatial residences in park-like grounds. About six huge hotels, with accommodation for from 500 to 1,000 guests each, several clubs, assembly rooms, and splendid drives, make up a most attractive place. Near by are the great Methodist camp-meeting grounds of Ocean Grove and Ashbury Park, which were in full swing when I was there, nearly all the famous names of members of that sect, both male and female, being advertised as speakers.

Spring Lake, so called from a spring of fresh water forming a large lake, situated within one hundred yards of the sea, is another seaside resort, much patronized by Philadelphians, who find, when the sea is too rough, plenty of boating on the lake; it is within easy reach—some twenty miles—of Long Branch. Elberon, Seabright, Deal, and Highlands, are similar villages, and all connected by one long beautiful beach drive, many miles in length.

Long Island, which runs for 125 miles parallel more or less to the mainland, is full of similar resorts. The inside towards the land forms the Sound, and it is through that channel that the large passenger steamers for Boston pass so as to avoid the open ocean, and many yachting clubs make it their home. On the outer side, and facing the open sea, the first place one comes

to from New York is Coney Island, the favourite place for the lower order of excursionists. During the season it is crowded with visitors, principally in the evening, but more especially on Sundays. Then is the time to see it in all its glory; thousands of people go in for bathing, others for merry-go-rounds, shows of fat women, strong men, three-legged horses, performing dogs, dancing saloons, pistol and rifle galleries, cheap refreshments, and all the "fun of the fair." On a Sunday, when I was induced by a friend to visit this strange sight, I found that in deference to the day, the organs of the merry-go-rounds were grinding out Moody and Sankey tunes, and were "Holding the Fort" with great determination. To those who can remember old Greenwich Fair, this was very like it, only this is held on the sea-shore.

About a mile along the coast, you come to Brighton Beach, with a very large and comfortable hotel. This hotel has been removed back from its former position some 500 feet, on account of the inroad of the sea. The removal was an ingenious piece of work. The building is of wood, and it was underpinned, and twenty railway bogies put under on rails prepared for it; then by using twenty locomotives the hotel was drawn backward until it stood over the foundation prepared for it, the trucks were gradually withdrawn, and at last it rested on a solid base, and all this without business being stopped. Brighton Beach is far more genteel than Coney Island, and has nothing of a "fair" about it.

Another short ride brings you to Manhattan beach, which is awfully proper, with a large hotel, large concert-room, large accommodation for bathing, and a large amphitheatre for those who do not bathe, but like to look on. Adjoining is the Oriental Hotel, and here the *crème de la crème* congregate and occupy apartments for weeks together. How different the behaviour of the people between the West-end, where they are of the 'Arry and 'Arriet order, fully enjoying the most boisterous fun, until eleven o'clock drives them to the railway station, on their return home, and at the extreme East where conversation is carried on almost in a whisper, and to laugh outright would be considered a deadly sin! This select body had to be catered for, as to music, with some thought of the sacredness of the day, so the programme consisted of a mixture of dance music, selections from William Tell, selections from the Stabat Mater, and to crown all, Handel's Hallelujah Chorus. As encores, the band played the various popular airs current in New York.

Another forty miles along the coast is Rockaway, which is another Coney Island.

Up the Sound is another resort that is very attractive and successful. It is called Glen Island. It has been purchased by Mr. Starin, who has made a lot of money by his steamers, which trade to all these places, and has been converted by him into a veritable garden of pleasure. Fine refreshment rooms, large concert and dancing saloons, a first-class zoological garden, with a tiger who is a great attraction, having torn off the arm of its keeper, beautiful flower lawns, picnic grounds, imitations of native villages, waterfalls, rustic bridges, two first-rate bands, and seventeen policemen to keep all in order. It is really wonderful what the energy of one man can do, and in this case it is for the benefit of the public. The run to the island and back is only 1s. 8d., and the amusements on the island are put down at a very moderate price. The consequence is that his boats and his island are well patronised, and on Sundays crowded.

Another favourite excursion is that of a run by steamer up the Hudson River. The Americans delight to compare it with the Rhine, and perhaps in natural and physical beauty it is equal. There are the same sort of outlines—hills on each side—the river itself winding very much, so that at times it seems as if there was no further progress to be made, but a sudden turn and you get a fresh vista, new beauties, new comparisons. But it lacks the ancient and ruined castles, and the legends that cling to them, and so whilst you can and do admit the charming beauty of the river, a reservation is made in favour of the Rhine. It has, however, superior breadth, being at one part four miles wide. The romantic character of the river is maintained, up to Newburg, but the navigation continues as far as Albany, where the trip terminates, and the railroad carries you on to Saratoga, and places beyond. The great prison for New York State—Sing-Sing—is about forty miles up, and presents quite a fine appearance from the steamer's deck, and near by is Irvington, the home of that delightful writer, Washington Irving, whose neat little cottage, Sunnyside, is close to the river's bank, embowered with ivy given to Irving by Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford, and planted by Irving himself.

About fifty miles from New York is West Point, where is located the great National Military Academy for the instruction of students in the four branches of the service, viz., Engineers, Artillery, Cavalry, and Infantry. It occupies a broad plateau

about 175 feet above the river, and is similar to our cadet schools at Woolwich or Sandhurst. Each Senator and each Congressman has a nomination every year to be given to likely young men from the schools in his district, and thus the whole of the United States get a fair share of its advantages. The course of study is for three years, when the students undergo a strict examination as to efficiency in knowledge and health. About two-thirds pass, and are appointed to the army for another period of three years, when they have the option of remaining in the army or of retiring into private life, whilst those who cannot pass go back to their friends, who must find some other employment for them.

The steamers that perform this service are very large, usually three-deckers, and very similar to those I have described on the Boston route. They can, and do, carry a large number of persons, have a band on board each, and contain a handsome dining saloon. The usual thing with passengers is to land at West Point, have three hours ashore, and then return to New York by the down steamer that left Albany at eight in the morning. At various points along the river, ferry steamers cross to opposite villages. Excursion steamers also run to various points on the banks or islands, and thus the scene is ever new and pleasing. Then again, there is a railroad on each bank, with a succession of trains rapidly passing and re-passing.

A few miles above West Point, the Catskill Mountains rise grandly, and terrace after terrace of hotels, private residences, and boarding-houses meet the view. These mountains are largely resorted to in the summer weather, and afford health and exercise to the wearied business man. The views around are of the most enchanting character, consisting of winding paths, waterfalls, deep glens, foaming torrents, and the various changes in the atmosphere that go to make the charm of mountain residence. At Sunset Rock, on the summit of South Mountain, at 3,000 feet above the sea, there is a magnificent view. The principal waterfall takes three leaps in its descent, the first of 180 feet, the second 80, and the third 40 feet, and then by a succession of ledges several feet more. There are many other falls almost as fine, and I can heartily recommend any of my colleagues who think of visiting the States not to omit the Catskills.

Albany, where the journey by steamer terminates, is a fine city, and is the capital of the State of New York. The new

Capitol when completed, which is not likely to be the case for several years to come, will be the most expensive, and extensive, of all the seats of the State assemblies. What on earth a comparatively small town, as compared to New York, can want with so grand a house for its legislators, passes my imagination ; one thing is certain, the population is groaning under a heavy taxation to pay for it, and not a few hints are thrown out that perhaps "jobbery" has something to do with it. The town has a history dating two centuries back, and now has a population of something over 100,000 souls.

LETTER XIV.

NEW YORK, *July 30th*, 1891.

I TRUST I shall not weary your readers if I attempt to give them my impressions of this great city. As everyone knows, it is built on the island of Manhattan, which is an irregular triangle in form, with its apex dipping into the sea. Standing at this point—known as the Battery, but now converted into a park, and a most useful conversion too—with your back to the sea, you see before you the termini of the elevated railroad and of the horsecars, for they all concentrate at this spot. From here starts that world-famed thoroughfare, the Broadway, which runs parallel with the Hudson River the whole length of the island, or nearly ten miles long. On the right-hand side is the East river which divides New York from Long Island, and is about a mile wide. Following this side you reach Harlem, about six miles from the Battery, where the elevated railway and horsecars stop. Taking the left-hand side, the boundary is the Hudson River, and the avenue on that side runs for nearly sixteen miles, and ends at the village of Neperan where Spuyten Duyvel creek joins with the Harlem river, and thus makes the Island of Manhattan. For nearly two miles from the Battery, the streets are poor in character and very intricate, and have special names, thus : Canal-street, Houston-street, Franklin-street, etc., and that part represents the old town ; then the new

begins and you find straight avenues before you, numbered from 1 to 11, with Madison-avenue and Lexington-avenue thrown in. Then the cross streets are numbered, beginning with First-street running from river to river, until they reach 125th-street at Harlem, and 159th-street at Fort Washington. Here, where the new town begins, is located the City Hall, built of white marble, and opposite, but with a small garden between, is the Post Office, both buildings being of immense size. To the right of these is Printing House Square, where all the great papers have their offices, lofty structures of from eleven to fifteen storeys high; the *New York World* has the latter number, and with its gilded dome is quite a landmark wherever you go. The *Sun*, *Morning Journal*, *Tribune*, *Herald*, *Globe*, *Press*, and others are to be found here, and day and night this part is always full of traffic. The first, second, and third avenues on the East river side pass through a poor district, and so do the ninth, tenth, and eleventh on the Hudson river side. This state of things seems to apply to all cities alike that have a water-side. It is here that the poorer classes congregate. After passing the City Hall, Broadway puts on its best style, and right up to Madison-square the immense stores add beauty to the road and great vigour to business life. In the vicinity of Union-square and Madison-square, the most celebrated hotels, restaurants, and theatres are to be found. The Hoffman House, and the Fifth Avenue Hotel form one side of Madison-square, and near by is that luxurious restaurant, Delmonico's, that no one visiting New York should miss, for, although he has four other establishments carried on upon the same system, yet this one is *the* one. New York is well supplied with the opportunities of refreshing the inner man, and of hotels their name is legion. And any attempt to describe, aye, even to name the stores, where everything can be bought, would be as futile as tedious, and though I visited several, I was a good deal mystified with the arrangements. It seems to me that they are simply crushing out the poor tradesman, who is being driven further and further into the background. Proceeding northwards, soon after passing Madison-square the best residential part of New York is reached, the Fifth-avenue being pre-eminent for the wealth of the inhabitants. The house formerly the residence of Mr. Stewart, the millionaire, whose body was stolen from the grave, is now the Manhattan Club; the Vanderbilts have three grand houses, and other rich folk here display their wealth.

One of the best features of New York is the large Central Park,

containing 843 acres, which lies between the Fifth and Eighth Avenues. There are ten miles of carriage roads, and thirty miles of footpaths; it contains five lakes, several museums, and by engineering skill has been transformed into a beautiful recreation ground. There are many splendid churches in New York; Gracechurch, and Holy Trinity on Broadway, and the cathedral of St. Patrick on Fifth Avenue being the most remarkable.

I am giving but a mere outline of what there is to be seen in the city, and do not profess to be writing a guide book; but I must not omit one grand feature, the splendid drive along the north river bank, from about Fifty-seventh-street right up to the Spuyten Duyvel creek (or Spitting Devil), following the undulations of the bank right to Riverside Park, the temporary grave of General Grant, which is on a high bluff, in a grove of trees. Close by his tomb the ground is marked out for the permanent mausoleum, but not a single stone is laid at present, although there was a grand function nearly a year ago when the first sod was turned. Close at hand is the fashionable Claremont Hotel, where we put up to refresh both man and beast, and enjoy a smoke after at the edge of the bluff. Looking up the Hudson River, and admiring the scenery, it seemed a fitting resting-place for the departed hero who had been twice elected to the Presidential chair.

We have been taking a sort of bird's-eye view of New York from the Battery. Now let us turn and face the sea, so as to embrace the harbour. Right before us, a little to the right, is Bedloe's Island, about two miles off. It is a fort with many heavy guns, but better known as the site of the colossal statue of Liberty which was presented by the French nation to New York, four or five years ago. The granite foundation is about eighty feet high, and the statue itself about as much more, and it also serves as a lighthouse, the uplifted torch in the right hand being lighted at night by electricity with a row of similar lights around the feet. Steamers go off every hour, and the passengers are permitted to ascend the statue as far as the head; so one can get a trip on the briny, ascend the statue, and get aches and pains in every limb by the exertion, and all for the small sum of one shilling. Looking a little more to the right, is Ellis's Island, another strong fort, and turning to the left is Governor Island, with the largest battery in the harbour. Still more to the left, and at Long Island Point, is Fort Hamilton, very heavily armed, and a mile from the shore is Fort Lafayette. All these forts are so arranged as to maintain a cross fire, and doubtless

would be very formidable to a hostile fleet. Straight before us is Staten Island, devoted to pleasure and private residences. Now, looking to the extreme right, is the coast of New Jersey, the boundary of the North or Hudson River—for it is known by both names—and we can trace the outline of Hoboken and Jersey City, the former the place of departure for several of the foreign lines of steamers to Europe, and the latter the depot of the Pennsylvania railroad for Philadelphia and the south. This coast line continues on to the eastward until far on our left-hand, where it terminates at the point known as Sandy Hook, which is the entrance to New York Harbour, the opposite side being Long Island on the extreme left, with the lighthouse on Fire Island to denote the channel. This huge bay or harbour is as fine as can be seen anywhere that I know of, and certainly it could contain all the navies of the world, "as the saying is." As the difference between high water and low water is but four feet, there is no necessity for constructing deep water docks such as we are obliged to use in our country, so ships anchor in the bay until their turn comes to proceed to the wharf. At the foot of nearly every street on both sides of New York, wharves are run out, and vessels are moored alongside with their heads pointing to the street. Thus at the foot of Forty-sixth-street, North River, is the White Star Line; Forty-second-street, Cunard Line, and so on. The inhabitants are well provided with means of crossing either to New Jersey on the one side, or Brooklyn on the other, by means of ferries, great paddle-wheel steamers carrying passengers, vehicles, anything that offers, at intervals of five minutes from each side, the traffic being enormous, and I am told very remunerative. Five cents (2½d.) down to two cents is the price for a passenger, and the Fulton Ferry, mindful of the needs of the working classes, charge only one cent, between the hours of 8 and 10 in the morning, and 5 and 7 in the afternoon, but then see how they are crowded!

Talking of fares reminds me that the horse-cars and elevated railroads have but one price, five cents, and for that sum you travel as much or as little as you please—half a mile or eleven miles. These elevated railroads, while a great boon to the travelling public, must be a great nuisance to the occupiers of the houses along the route. Fancy any of our leading thoroughfares being invaded by one, the construction being as follows: At a distance of thirty feet apart, a mass of girders rise from the edge of the pavement; these support on the top cross girders, which are laced together by longitudinal bars; these carry other

cross girders, and these in turn the rails on which the trains pass, generally about the height of the second floor. The whole structure looks like a skeleton railway, yet along it rush at intervals of three minutes a small locomotive and three carriages, stopping at very frequent intervals. Access to the stations is gained by a staircase from the pavement. There is no beauty in the construction ; it spoils the look of the streets where they run ; it arouses the bile of the shopkeepers, to say nothing of those nervous people who dread noise and din ; and it is only useful to those who wish to get from one part of the city to another in quick time. And so it comes to pass that, though generally execrated, they are very much patronised. And now they are established, the New Yorkers say they don't know how they managed without them, and certainly it has relieved the streets to a large extent. But, please, sir, don't bring them to London !

LETTER XV.

BROOKLYN N.Y., *July 31st. 1891.*

BROOKLYN was my head-quarters for six weeks, where I was entertained at the charming home of my friends the Hon W. B. Davenport and his wife. He holds the important position of Administrator of King's County, which includes all Brooklyn and the outlying towns on Long Island, and the duty of his office is to take charge of the estates of all intestate persons, and to see that the same are properly distributed to the right parties. A curious case came under my notice whilst I was there. A man died somewhat suddenly at an hotel in Brooklyn, being possessed of over three millions of dollars invested in various businesses, unmarried, and having no nearer relations than three old aunts who scarcely knew him, and three others still more distant as to kin, who were scarcely aware of his existence. Here was a chance for a speculator ! A poor but dishonest attorney conceived the idea that if he could find a widow for the deceased these old folks would readily compromise rather than

fight the case in court. So a woman was found, rigged out as a widow, had good jewellery given her, was coached up in all the matters that a widow would know: his habits, where he lived, the history of his life, and all that sort of thing. When she was sufficiently educated, application was made on her behalf to be admitted to a share of the property, or, at least, to a widow's dowry; but, lack-a-day, somebody recognized the trembling widow as a "soiled dove" of New York; detectives were put on to watch all the movements of the pair, and when the proofs were perfect they were both locked up. Result: the attorney got bail, 7,500 dols.: bolted, bail estreated, and the woman was placed in the Penitentiary. A less shrewd man than my friend Davenport might have been taken in. My friendship with him began by my meeting him on the steamer *Sirius*, going to the North Cape, Norway; we found that we had a mutual friend in Brooklyn, and so a bond of union existed that has ripened into the strongest friendship.

Brooklyn extends along the East River nearly all the length of New York to Harlem, and there begins a fresh municipality called Long Island City. Brooklyn is by far the largest, and it has what New York has not—room to expand. Americans have a desire to be first in everything, and they do not like the idea that such a small country as England has so large a city as London; and the notion is being broached, is gaining ground, aye, even among politicians, that if New York, Brooklyn, Coney Island district, Long Island City, and a few more townships thrown in were under the control of one Corporation, one mayor, one set of officials, and all to be called New York, they would almost rival London in size at once, and by the next census would out-top us. What a shriek of cock-a-doodle-do would ensue! It is argued that their pursuits are alike, that the traffic across the river is immense, and that the means of communication would be greatly improved if the whole were under one government. The present means of crossing the river is by ferries, and, as I said in a previous letter, I never saw such a place for ferries. From the foot of every second or third street, a ferry runs to the opposite side every five minutes, but the principal mode of crossing is by the high level Brooklyn Bridge, one of the wonders of the world. It is a suspension bridge, and the footpath is 135 feet above high water level, and the whole length about 5,990 feet. The towers rise to 278 feet, the centre span between the two towers 1,600 feet, and the shore spans about 800 feet each. The bridge is wide enough

for two lines of vehicles—a fast and a slow—on the outside of each side; then a line of cable cars on either side, and a broad pathway for foot-passengers in the middle, the total width being 85 feet. Persons on foot pass free; those who use the cable cars pay three cents, 1½d.; and there is a fee of five cents for each horse drawing a vehicle. The whole is lighted with electricity, and the traffic across it is enormous. The cable being endless there can be no possibility of a collision with the cars, as they must move with the cable in the shape of a long O. I was permitted to inspect all the machinery for keeping the thing going night and day for winding the cable and lighting. There is a duplicate set of machinery for each, so that if one failed the system could be at once transferred to the other, and that without much loss of time. So successful and useful has this bridge proved, that there is talk of building another, two miles up the Sound. The plans of a similar one to cross the Hudson just above where the ocean steamers moor have been approved, and the money has been voted, and next October will see the commencement of the work. It will combine an ordinary railway bridge to connect the system of railways on both sides of the river.

In every respect Brooklyn seems to be a slice of New York; the rush and hurry of business is peculiar to both; you must run with the stream either coming or going, or if you loiter you will be run down, crushed, walked over, and forgotten. It was the scene of the life and labours of the Rev. Ward Beecher, and it was my good fortune to be present at the unveiling of his statue, situated in front of the City Hall. It represents him standing bare-headed, with face uplifted, the left hand holding his soft felt hat, the right hand hidden in the folds of an Inverness cape thrown back off the chest, the shackles of a slave at his feet, a slave woman kneeling against the pedestal on the right hand, clutching his feet, and on the opposite side two slave children raising their hands in gratitude for his efforts to abolish slavery. He was the apostle of freedom for the slave, and to his speeches much of the success of the movement is due. Ministers of all denominations assembled to do him honour in conjunction with the civic authorities, and the Chief Rabbi of New York pronounced the benediction. Nearly 2,000 school children sang some of his favourite hymns and tunes, aided by the band of the 13th Regiment. An enormous crowd assembled; every window, and even the housetops, were crowded. It was estimated that more than 10,000 persons

braved the sun—it was so hot—for two hours to show reverence for one so greatly beloved.

I was rather surprised to hear that our tune of "God save the Queen" has been coolly appropriated by our brethren, who have renamed it "America," and it is now considered *the* National Anthem of the United States. The words run thus:—

"My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

Our fathers' God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright,
With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King."

I remarked to a gentleman who was singing this at the top of his voice, that the tune, at all events, was stolen from us. At first he declined to believe me, but an American lady put her spoke in, and said I was right, and she had often heard it in the "Old Country," and she wondered why her people made use of it. So he was snuffed out.

On the Sunday after, I attended Plymouth Church, where Beecher so long ministered. I was surprised at its comparative smallness and the more than plain exterior. I saw and spoke to the aged widow, who seemed pleased that an Englishman took notice of her. It appeared to me that the Church has selected a most capable successor in the person of Dr. Lyman Abbott, whose sermon was full of devout thought, and, whilst excellent from a literary point of view, went straight home. In the evening I went to Dr. Talmage's huge new tabernacle, capable of holding over 6,000 people, and it was crowded to excess. But how different the tone of worship! Here everything was done to increase dramatic effect; in fact, the building is much like a playhouse. It is an immense semi-circle, with a large gallery round the circular part; the flat side between the ends of the gallery is occupied by a very large organ, and below that a long platform, provided with a small table and chair and several stands of flowers. On this platform whilst the Doctor

is preaching he stalks from end to end, attitudinising according as his subject suggests to him. On this occasion his text was, "Hath the rain a father?" from Job. Upon these words he built up a kind of scolding sermon because people had wickedly found fault with the weather of the past week—there had been a spell of extreme heat, a violent storm of lightning, thunder, and hail, followed by rather cold and damp days and chilly nights, as if the Almighty was not able to care for, or do the best for the universe! An allusion he made as to promoting a Joint Stock Company to take charge of the weather, with one million capital, president, secretary, directors, etc., produced a regular titter through the audience, as did many other of his comic remarks. To me it seemed verily like Punch in the pulpit, but it appeared to suit the taste of his following. At the close of the service, he announced that the church would be closed for two months, as most of his hearers would be dispersed for their annual holidays. This is a great feature in America: churches, theatres, museums, and the like, close their doors for two months, as though there were no souls to be saved, or bodies to be instructed or amused.

Brooklyn has a noble park to boast of—Prospect Park, 550 acres in extent; it is situated on an elevated ridge, and commands fine views of the two cities, the inner and outer harbour, Long Island, and the opposite coast of New Jersey. Its combination of broad meadows, grassy slopes, and wooded hills, have been skilfully improved by the landscape gardening; it has eight miles of drives, and eleven miles of walks. Near by is Greenwood Cemetery, also situated on heights replete with natural beauties, and made more so by the skill of those who laid it out. It is 500 acres in extent, and contains a surprising number of beautiful monuments. On the top of a hill, near the entrance, is the tomb of Mr. Beecher. Many travellers assert that it is the most beautiful cemetery in the world, and Americans say it is the finest in the States. I will only add that it is highly favoured by nature and art. The favourite drive is by way of Prospect Park, the cemetery, the Ocean Parkway—a splendid boulevard 200 feet wide—extending to Coney Island, and home by way of Bay Ridge and Fort Hamilton, giving a variety of grand views in every direction. Washington Park, in the heart of the city, contains 30 acres, and is of historic interest as being the site of the last stand made by Washington against the British army when he was driven out of Long Island. It was then known as Fort Greene.

The principal naval station of the States is situated here, and is a very large establishment, something like Portsmouth. Foundries, workshops, and storehouses, dry docks, building slips, stores of guns and ammunition are all here. By the kindness of the officer in command, Captain Kane, I was permitted to go over it; in fact, he himself was my guide, confidant, and friend. I went on board the ironclad cruiser *Maine*, which had only a few weeks before been launched, and is far from being finished, but is a powerful addition to the United States navy. I saw the wonderful use made of electricity on board a monitor in course of construction. It was conveyed a long distance from the shed where it was generated by means of an insulated wire to a small drilling machine, and there it was drilling holes in armour plates, four inches thick, with a rapidity that was marvellous. The visit gave me the greatest pleasure, and I learned more in a few hours from Captain Kane than I should by myself in as many days.

It was my good fortune to see the White Squadron, consisting of six vessels lying in the North River, where they had arrived from Boston during the night, get up steam and pass round by the Battery to the East River on the way to the Sound. They presented a very pretty sight and kept rank very nicely; but, while they could do a deal of fighting, they seemed small to me when compared to the monsters of our fleet that assembled recently at Osborne. Let us hope that the two nations may pursue such a brotherly career as not to have to try the strength of one against the other.

LETTER XVI.

ATLANTIC OCEAN, ON BOARD THE *Teutonic*.

August 3rd, 1891.

THIS is Bank Holiday, and we are more than half-way across the Atlantic, so I am out of the fun and frolic of the time; but I sincerely hope, for the sake of the thousands of excursionists who have been looking forward to this day for many weeks past, that the weather in England is as fine as we are enjoying at the present moment.

I am engaged looking over my note-book to see if anything has escaped me in my previous letters, and there are some few points of interest that I think worth recording. Having served fourteen years on the Markets Committee, it was but natural that in my visits to the civic authorities I made markets the subject of conversation. Thus, when I visited the City Hall, New York, although the Mayor was absent on a holiday, I was warmly received by Mr. Alderman Morgan, and shown over the building, where are kept several relics of Washington—his dining table, writing table, and other articles of furniture. I broached the matter of markets, and learned that the buildings of the markets are the property of the Corporation, who let the shops on rental. Order is preserved by the ordinary police, and officers are appointed to prevent unwholesome food being sold; but tolls, as we understand them, are unknown in the States. The rents are high enough to realize all the profit needed. The markets are a mixture of wholesale and retail, and all are "general," all sorts of commodities being sold in every one of them.

While I was talking with the Alderman, a clerk whispered something about performing the service, and all being ready, when he turned to me and said: "Do you want to be married? If so come along, and I can do the job for you." I was ready to see the ceremony, so accompanied him into a large room, three sides of which were occupied by men and women, while the other side was railed off with several desks, at which we sat. Then a man and woman were called to the desk, the

Alderman put the question as to their desire to be married, warned all present that now was the time to declare any impediment to the marriage or ever after hold their peace, and made the man and woman repeat after him the promise to be true and faithful to each other. The ring was put on, and the Alderman pronounced them man and wife, and shook hands with each. It was a short and simple ceremony, containing the essence of our prayer-book service, without any allusion to the Almighty, or religious ideas. Three couples were thus united, the witnesses being the clerk and the police officer. It was in that same room that the Duke of Marlborough was married, with the same simplicity, not very long ago. Mr. Alderman Morgan did it to perfection, going through it all without hesitation and with great dignity; he is said to be the best of all the bench, and the people like him to marry them. After the ceremony, we retired for refreshment, going to Stewart's Saloon in Warren Street. I mention this because a singular custom attached to the house. Mr. Stewart decided, when he commenced business in 1878, to set aside all the takings on December 24th, and divide it as a bonus between his employés, according to their rank, length of service, and kind of work. In the year named, the sum taken was £237, and it has steadily increased, year by year, until in 1890 it rose to £2,606! Mr. Stewart died three years since, and left the management to three of his chief men, to carry on the business in the same style, and especially to allot the takings of December 24th to the bonus. I am told on that day the house is crowded from morn till night, the public doing their best to swell the bonus.

In a conversation with the Mayor of Brooklyn, I found the market arrangements there very much the same as in New York. The fabric, being the property of the Corporation, was let as shops on rental, and after that it seemed that they had no committee to superintend matters; it was merely a collecting of the rents. The abattoirs are mostly in the hands of private firms, notably Eastman's, on the north river, foot of sixty-first Street. It is a huge establishment, where many hundreds of cattle are slaughtered every day, partly for use in New York, and a large portion for shipment in a frozen state to England. I went over the premises, and found them perfect in every respect. The refrigeration was produced by means of De la Vergne's ammonia process, which is simple, cheap, effective, and, in the States, driving the cold-air system out of existence. Mr. Eastman told me that, having used both systems largely, he

felt bound to declare that the superiority of ammonia was unquestionable.

I could not but admire the style and dress of the police force. They wear a light blue coat with brass buttons, white collars and waistbands, white gloves, and really seem to be picked men, and very gentlemanly. They are obliging to a degree and well-informed, able to answer an inquiry with intelligence, and at crowded thoroughfares stop the traffic for ladies to pass. The system seems to be for one officer to have a short beat, so he is generally handy. If he takes anybody into custody he has a lock-up box, into which he puts his prisoner, telegraphs for the patrol waggon, which drives up, takes charge of the prisoner, and the policeman is not taken off his beat. He usually carries his staff in his hand, or suspended from the wrist, to denote that he is on duty. A neat hat of grey felt, something between a helmet and ordinary bowler, a breast pocket with a white handkerchief peeping out, give him a distinguished appearance.

I found the Americans to possess a most hospitable character, and a friendliness for Englishmen that I scarcely expected to find. With anything like an introduction, I was at once put at my ease—open house, perfect freedom, and a desire to increase my happiness, in every sense of the word, was what I met on every hand. Thus I became, for the time being, a member of the Coney Island Jockey Club, the Larchmont Yacht Club, the Manhattan Club in New York (the foremost of the Democratic Clubs), and of the Hamilton and Brooklyn Clubs of Brooklyn. Into any of these I could stroll, and meet the leading men of both cities, sometimes having a chat with a railroad magnate, a senator, principal judges and attorneys, or hobnobbing with the mayors and aldermen. And if a certain brusqueness is observable, it is so tempered with good nature and a comical grace, that one begins, after a time, to like and fall into it.

I was often surprised to see large numbers of newspapers piled up on the top of a letter box; either the box was full, or the slit too small to admit the paper, and so they were left exposed on the top. A notice was on every post-box that the authorities could not be responsible for the loss of such papers; but I was told that such a thing as one being stolen was unheard of. I scarcely think it would be so safe in this country.

The Americans are far ahead of us in the use of means to save time and labour. Thus, nearly every house of any preten-

sions has the telephone, by means of which the housewife can do a good deal of shopping, can order a carriage from livery stables, and make sure that it will be at the door at the hour named. And it is a common thing in America to hire, for a stated sum per month, any class of vehicle you may want from the livery stables, rather than keep a horse, and man to take charge of it, and then often find, when it is most needed, that something has happened to horse or man, and you cannot use it. It very much lightens the work for the mistress of the house thus to be able to communicate with friends or tradesmen. Then comes into play another Company, which combines four things in connexion with electricity: An instrument is placed in your house, and you press the first button. In less than ten minutes a boy in uniform comes to your house to do anything you wish, either carry a letter or parcel, or simply deliver a message. Press Button No. 2, and it is an intimation that the police are wanted, either to eject a disagreeable visitor, or arrest a burglar. Button No. 3 informs your doctor that he is wanted at once at your house, his address having been registered with the Company; and No 4 button calls the firemen to your assistance. And all this security for one dollar per month subscription, and the payment of the messenger at a trifling sum by the hour. Then, at the time of the summer vacation, it is the practice to give servants a holiday, too, and leave the house empty; storm boards enclose the street door, electric wires are attached to every window and door in the house, so that at the least attempt to open either, the electric wires at once inform the nearest police station that something is wrong, and a constable hastens off to see what the trouble is. This plan is found to be safer than to leave a servant in charge, who may be tempted to leave the house unguarded, or even to let in dishonest persons.

August 6th.—My voyage in the s.s. *Teutonic* was not very eventful. We made a fair average passage, leaving New York at half-past twelve p.m., July 29th, and were abreast the landing stage at Liverpool at half-past twelve p.m., August 5th, exactly seven days from shore to shore. There was the usual rolling, with occasional showers, some fine weather, and a few stiff gales. On Tuesday, August 4th, we encountered a white squall in the afternoon, and our two jibsails were torn into ribbons, with a noise like the report of a cannon, and it was with difficulty that the torn sails were secured. Perhaps the most beautiful sight was on the Sunday night, when the planet Jupiter shone out, and made a trail of light over the waves with almost as much

brightness as the moon. All were agreed that they had never seen a single star shine with such brilliancy.

Permit me, in conclusion, to thank my constituents of the Tower Ward, and my colleagues of the Common Council, for their forbearance in permitting me to remain so long from my post. I left in poor health ; I have returned in renewed strength and vigour ; and, in my judgment, there is nothing so recuperative as a long sea voyage.

ADDENDA.

LONDON, *October*, 1891.

In looking over my note book, and referring to letters I have sent to private friends, some items of interest occur which I had not inserted in those I sent to the *City Press*. Thus, in the Gulf of Suez, a *canard* was started that we should see, soon after entering into the Red Sea, the place marked :—"This is the spot where the Israelites passed on dry land through the Red Sea, which the pursuing army of Egyptians trying to do was overwhelmed in the flood." Of course many eyes were strained to see this remarkable notice ; telescopes were brought out, but nought could be seen, till at last it was found to be a mean attempt at hoaxing.

When at Cairo, the news arrived of a serious skirmish between the Egyptian troops and the rebellious Arabs in the Soudan, when two British officers were killed. We, therefore, took some interest in looking out for Assouan and the fleet lying there ; but we passed it during the night, and so we did not see anything connected with the War in the Soudan. There was one place that we hoped to have a view of, and is often seen when sailing in the Red Sea—Mount Sinai—from whence the Mosaic Law was delivered. It is a long distance inland, but on this occasion a dense mist, or fog, hung over the place, and prevented our having even a glimpse of it ; and yet we could see a long distance of barren sand on the Arabian coast. We passed the island of Perim in daylight, and saluted the

English flag. It was formerly a desert island, and it was frequently spoken of in Parliament as a fit and proper place to occupy by our troops, so as to have a naval station to dominate the Suez Canal. It must be a dreary spot for officers and men to live in; the weather, as a rule being fearfully hot, and the island very small, lying about two days' steaming from Suez, and a day from Aden.

Two tales anent this spot may be amusing, and I will tell them as they were told by military officers in our smoke room: I do not vouch for their absolute truth. The first had to do with its occupation, it being then a desert. A German man-of-war put into Aden, and of course saluted and entered into friendly relations with our Admiral. In the course of a dinner given by the German, our Admiral casually asked what object he had in going to the Red Sea? In strict secrecy, the German said he was sent out to occupy Perim, and hoist the German flag there. "Oh," says our Admiral, "is that so? Well, you will permit me to return the compliment, and come and dine with me to morrow; plenty of time, you know." "With pleasure"; and so a nice little party was arranged for the morrow. In the meantime, the Admiral started off his steam launch, with a lot of blue jackets and marines, to hasten to Perim, erect a small shanty, and run up the English flag, and remain in occupation until he relieved them. This was done. The festivities came off, and the German sailed for Perim. "Holloa! there is some mistake here! Is this Perim? Must be; but the British flag flying! The deuce!" And that was how the occupation of Perim was forced upon us.

Tale No. 2.—As I said before, it is a fearful place to live in, and so it comes about that it is difficult to get officers to stay there very long. One day an officer actually begged for the appointment, and he was looked upon as a curious specimen of a contented mind. It was given him, and year after year he never grumbled, but stuck to it manfully. It was suggested that he might have leave of absence. No, he did not want it. At last, a visit was ordered to inspect matters, when it was found that he had scarcely ever lived there; had explained to his men that he was going on furlough; signed sufficient documents to keep the reports going when filled up by his orderly; and so that bubble burst. I simply tell it as it was told to us, and do not vouch for the truth.

Cricket was often played on our deck, as well as it can be carried out on board ship. Our promenade deck was netted all

along; a roll of cocoa-nut matting laid down; the stumps inserted in a frame, so that if struck all came down together. It was good exercise, but poor cricket. Several of our passengers put M.C.C. after their names; and, after practising a little they arranged to give a challenge to the Colombo C.C., which was readily accepted. It came off, but the *Empress'* people were beaten. This did not dismay them, so they telegraphed to Singapore to play there. Now, that happens to be a very strong club, and they selected their eleven best men. The ground was in excellent order, the day exceedingly hot, and it seemed almost the height of folly to think of playing; but they did, and again we were beaten, but not discreditably, seeing ours was a scratch crew. Our people tried it again in Hong Kong, this time a two days' match. I saw one very funny thing when our people were fielding. The best player on the other side, when he had scored about thirty-seven, gave a lovely catch, O so easy! Our captain ran for it, so did another; both thought the other had made sure of it, so both dropped their hands and the ball fell between them. That batsman took out his bat, after scoring one hundred and fifty-eight, and again our side lost; but they showed plenty of pluck. The papers were full of the game at each port, and we got a full share of compliments and festivities.

In Hong Kong I saw a very funny incident. A large portion of the police are Sikh soldiers, and they are much disliked by the Chinese coolies, as they are much more severe than English police. These coolies are chair-bearers, or 'ricksha men, and they rush upon you unawares, as soon as you make your appearance, and thus break the police regulations. One 'ricksha man was over-daring, when a Sikh soldier seized him by his long pigtail, got into the 'ricksha, and made the poor rascal drag him to the police-station, and there gave him in charge.

The following incident took place:—One of our passengers went to Canton, and on his return to Hong Kong found he had left his pocket-book under the pillow in his state-room he had occupied the night before. He rushed back to the steamer, and found all the berths made up, and the bedding taken away. He asked for his purse. John Chinaman said he had not seen it, and knew nothing of it, so he appealed to the captain, who advised him to see the police. This he did, and the inspector, a Scotchman, said he would get it somehow or other; and it was generally understood on board that the steward who made up the bed was in prison. The gentleman who had lost

it had made arrangements to go to Japan by an earlier steamer than ours, and left under the idea that he had lost £100 in bank-notes. After he had left for Japan, his room-companion found the pocket-book in the *Empress of India*, everything right; it had never been taken to Canton, and it was given in charge to the purser. The evening it was found we were having a grand concert, and while that was going on, a passenger I was very friendly with heard of it, and felt so acutely for the poor Chinese languishing in jail, that he begged our captain and the purser to send ashore to release him. "Oh," said they, "it's only a John Chinaman; the morning will do; it won't hurt him, and they are used to it." But friend Hodge could not rest; he called a boat, went ashore to the police-office at midnight, and got the poor fellow released. He told me he could not have it upon his conscience to allow him to be in prison after he knew of his innocence. Good old Hodge! The present heavy rains remind me how much we depend upon it for our drinking wants. When in Hong Kong, they had not had rain for a long time, and the authorities were very anxious about the supply. There was only three weeks' supply left, and the water was cut off after a very short time, and the inhabitants urged not to waste any; and when a wet day came, it was welcomed with every sign of delight.

Travellers have often noticed that they lose flesh at sea. One day we rigged up the butcher's steel yard, and I cannot say "scaled," but tried our weights. All who tried had lost weight, myself 13 lbs., and others from 9 lbs. to 15 lbs. I scaled at Liverpool the day I started, and did the same when I returned there, and I had lost 18 lbs. No one seems to know why. With such a lazy life, so far as exercise goes, for eleven weeks, one would think there would be a gain, but such is not the case.

Going through the Straits of Malacca, forest fires were of frequent occurrence. Dense volumes of smoke hung over the land, and lurid flames shot up at intervals. We learned that it had been a very dry season, with intense heat, so that everything was ripe for a blaze. We passed well within sight of the town of Malacca, and it looked like a place of considerable importance.

I have given in a previous letter some account of Nagasaki; but I omitted to state that it has a number of streams running through it; and these are crossed by bridges of the same kind as depicted on the willow-pattern Chinese plates: up three or

four steps, then a straight platform, then down by another lot of steps.

The railway from Yokohama to Tokio passes through a well-cultivated country: rice fields kept slightly under water, rape-seed plantations, tea plantations, and orchards. The apple trees were treated in a manner I have not seen elsewhere. Each tree was surrounded by bamboo canes laced together on the top, and the branches trained to lie over the top so that the fruit might get the full benefit of the sun. In Tokio there are several handsome hotels, substantially built, kept by foreigners, at which refreshments in true Parisian style can be obtained. Most of the native houses and shops are of wood; the roads are wide, and differ from the Chinese in being less crowded. It is estimated that the population numbers nearly two millions.

In British Columbia and the Western States of America, the use of copper money is unknown. The smallest coin is the nickel five cent piece (2½d.), which is the general price of a tram-car ride, for cleaning boots, a newspaper, or a glass of lager-beer. If two friends go to the bar of a refreshment house, the charge for a drink of spirits is 25 cents (1s.) The plan is to place the bottle of spirits and a glass before you, and a bottle of water; you take as much spirit, or as little, as you please, the price is the same. If you go in alone, and put down the ten cents, nothing is said; but if you offer a 25 cent piece, you only get a 10 cent piece change. Everybody seems to approve of it, rather than have copper money introduced.

All through the United States and Canada the term "Quarter-day" is unknown; all accounts and payments for rent, &c., are made monthly; hence a remark we often use in England that nothing is certain but death and quarter-day, has no point with them.

Just a word of advice to gentlemen thinking of visiting the States. There are certain phrases that we use which have a different meaning with Americans. For instance, if you see a lady looking very fatigued, you must not say that she looks "knocked-up." In America that term is applied solely to a lady in an interesting condition. I inadvertently said so to two ladies who had been out shopping, and were very tired; and the husband of one of them called me aside, and explained their use of the phrase, and cautioned me not to use it, as it was deemed indelicate; and if it was so in the case of married

ladies, how heinous the offence would be if they were single! If serving poultry, you must not ask a lady if she prefers the breast, or leg, or wing; you must say white meat, or limb, or flipper. And the male bird must not be called as we call it, but must be spoken of as "a rooster." These little delicacies of expression one learns in time after making a few blunders.

Some of my readers may feel interested in knowing the "runs" that the *Empress of India* made. We left Birkenhead dock on Sunday, the 8th February, at 10 a.m. The run is calculated from noon to noon each day.

Feb.	9	...	Lat. 49.50	Long. 6.23	...	miles run	344
	10	...	" 43.41	" 9.6	...	"	388
	11	...	" 38.7	" 9.33	...	"	343
	12	...	To GIBRALTAR	...	...	"	264
	13	...	Lat. 37.15	Long. 7.10 c Gib.	...	"	220
	14	...	" 40.37	" 2.38	...	"	269
		...	To MARSEILLES	...	...	"	206
	17	...	From MARSEILLES	...	...	"	221
	18	...	To NAPLES	...	...	"	233
	19	...	Lat. 37.43	From NAPLES	Long. 16.21	"	230
	20	...	Lat. 35.36	Long. 21.31	...	"	278½
	21	...	" 33.18	" 27.48	...	"	334
		...	To PORT SAID	...	...	"	271½
	25	...	Lat. 29.3	From SUEZ	Long. 32.46	"	57
	26	...	" 24.28	Long. 36.10	...	"	331
	27	...	" 20.3½	" 38.52	...	"	304
	28	...	" 15.2½	" 41.54	...	"	348
March	1	...	" 12.44	" 45.41½	...	"	310
	2	...	" 12.54	" 50.48	...	"	299
	3	...	" 12.25½	" 56.12	...	"	320
	4	...	" 11.17	" 61.18	...	"	307
	5	...	" 10.12	" 66.28	...	"	309
	6	...	" 8.56	" 71.29½	...	"	309
	7	...	" 8.0	" 76.28	...	"	301
		...	To COLOMBO	...	...	"	214
	11	...	Lat. 5.42	Long. 81.58	...	"	187
	12	...	" 5.52	" 86.47	...	"	288
	13	...	" 6.0	" 92.9	...	"	322
	14	...	" 5.49	" 96.24	...	"	254
		...	To PENANG	...	...	"	241
	16	...	Lat. 2 39	Long. 96.2	...	"	215
		...	To SINGAPORE	...	...	"	182

Mar.	19	...	Lat. 4.11	Long. 106.0	...	miles run	225
"	20	...	" 8.38	" 108.52	...	"	317
"	21	...	" 13.20	" 111.44	...	"	329
"	22	...	" 17.35	" 114.0	...	"	289
			To HONG KONG	...	...	"	288
April	8	...	Lat. 25.5	Long. 119.42	...	"	367
"	9	...	" 30.48	" 122.15	...	"	394
			To WOOSUNG	...	...	"	58
"	11	...	Lat. 31.42	Long. 124.59	...	"	191
			To NAGASAKI	...	...	"	256
"	13	...	Lat. 33.45	Long. 131.54	...	"	199
			To KOBI	...	...	"	186
"	15	...	Lat. 33.36	Long. 136.18	...	"	131
			To YOKOHAMA	...	...	"	218
"	18	...	Lat. 37.34	Long. 144.39	...	"	320
"	19	...	" 40.32	" 151.32	...	"	366
"	20	...	" 43.24	" 158.53	...	"	371
"	21	...	" 46.26	" 166.38	...	"	376
"	22	...	" 48.23	" 175.34	...	"	381
Atipodes Day			" 49.37	" 175.0	...	"	378
"	23	...	" 49.53	" 165.26	...	"	372
"	24	...	" 49.51	" 155.38	...	"	379
"	25	...	" 49.26	" 146.46	...	"	346
"	26	...	" 49.7	" 139.15	...	"	295
"	27	...	" 49.9	" 130.22	...	"	349
			To VANCOUVER	...	...	"	366

Just before entering Vancouver, we saw the wreck of the *Beaver*, a paddle-wheel tug-steamer, the first steamer to ply upon the Pacific Ocean. She came out from England about the year 1850, and has had a very successful career; but she was worn out at last, and whether wrecked by accident or design nobody knows. She is high and dry upon the rocks, and the barnacles growing over her. It was said at Vancouver that the managers of the World's Fair, at Chicago, were thinking of removing her exactly as she now lies, and exhibiting her as a curiosity; but I cannot think the game would be worth the candle.

PORT ANGELES.

STATE OF WASHINGTON, U.S.A.

THIS new and rapidly-growing city is situated in the Strait of San Juan de Fuca, which divides the United States of America from British Columbia. It lies exactly opposite Victoria, the capital of Vancouver's Island, the distance between them being seventeen and a-half miles. The climate is most salubrious, neither too hot in summer nor too cold in winter. It commenced existence about five years ago, and is now a city of the third grade, having over 5,000 inhabitants. It is incorporated, has a mayor, town council, three weekly newspapers, is lighted by electricity, and will shortly have electric cars running. It possesses a splendid harbour, with a natural breakwater, enclosing a space four and a-half miles long by two and a-half broad, or nearly twelve square miles of anchorage in deep water. Six jetties have been constructed, and at each of them there is 36 ft. depth of water at low tides. The breakwater is due to some convulsion of nature at a remote period, by which a slice of the shore has been forced off, thus leaving the harbour in the shape of a horseshoe, the inlet being at the eastern end. A lighthouse has been erected at the extremity of the breakwater, which can be plainly seen from Victoria. During a gale in January last, twenty-two large vessels took shelter in the harbour, which is easy of entrance, not having any sandbanks or impediments to free access.

The history of the place has something of romance about it. In the year 1860, President Lincoln wished to found a naval station in the Pacific, something similar to the British station in Esquimault Bay, close to Victoria; and, perhaps, with a view to keep that place in check. He sent out an expedition, under Mr. George Smith, to survey the coast between the Colombia river right to Puget Sound, and they hit upon this natural harbour. Returning to Washington, they reported as to the exact fitness of the place; and the President sent them back, with men and money, to form a settlement; but the ship they sailed in was wrecked in the Caribbean sea, the treasure,

and, worse still, many lives lost. Mr. Smith returned to Washington, and reported the disaster, but the Civil War had broken out, and the President could no longer attend to it. Mr. Smith thereupon bought the foreshore from the State authorities, and determined to form a settlement by his own efforts. He reached San Francisco, and took ship for Victoria; but the ship was lost, and he was drowned. His son, a mere lad at that time, followed his father's profession—land surveyor and civil engineer. Arriving at man's estate, he went to Chicago, after the fire, and found employment in the rebuilding of that city; and having made a small fortune, determined to see what sort of a place Port Angeles was, and to vindicate his father's judgment if he approved the site. To see was to be convinced of the wonderful advantages it possessed, so he hastened back to Chicago, called together his band of men, numbering nearly 400, told them he was going to found a city on the Pacific coast, and asked them to give him their labour in return for his land, finding food until they were able to earn it. A joint stock association was formed on these terms, and five years ago they commenced operations. Provisions were obtained from Victoria, plenty of timber was on the land, they were soon housed, plenty of people followed to increase the settlement, and the result is that the association thus formed is now worth half a million of dollars. Mr. Norman Smith has built himself a fine residence overlooking the sea, and is the life and soul of the place.

To a great extent the back part of what will be within city limits is still forest land, the trees being redwood, cedar, pine, etc., all fit for building purposes. The land slopes back on a gentle ascent, some fifteen miles to the foot of the Olympian mountains, from whence three streams of pure water flow into the harbour. Many English gentlemen in Victoria who were impressed with the future of the city, and not at all jealous of it as a rival, formed a syndicate, and purchased a large estate outside of Mr. Smith's property, but within what has been laid down as the limits of the city. This they have planned out into forty acre lots, reserving 160 acres in the centre to form a Park for the use of future inhabitants as a recreation ground and breathing spot.

This estate is known as the Chandler and Coolican Estate, those being the names of the President and Vice-president. The Mayor of Victoria is one of the trustees of the funds, and I have every belief that it is and will be honourably managed.

I have fully inspected the whole district, and my conviction is that it will ere long far out-rival Seattle, Port Townsend, or Tacoma, all lying well up Puget Sound, whilst Port Angeles is on the open ocean, and ships can enter without, being towed. An expert who has been exploring the Olympian range says that coal and minerals abound there, only awaiting the opening up of a road to bring it to the seaside. A railroad is being constructed, which will make this place its terminus and connect it with the existing lines of Washington and Oregon. Being thus impressed with the growing importance of the port, I took up the option of 40 acres, at 125 dollars the acre, for myself and friends, and became the agent for England for the sale of other portions. Since I was out, a sale by auction has been held, when house lots fetched such good prices that the reserve price for forty-acre plots has gone up 25 per cent. I shall be very pleased to give further information, exhibit maps, plans, &c., to intending purchasers, and I firmly believe—but of course I do not guarantee—that buyers will reap a rich harvest. The following extract from the *North American Review* gives a fair account of what public opinion is as to the future of the place:—

“The city of Port Angeles, situated on the Strait of Juan de Fuca, midway between the ocean and the already well-known ports of Puget Sound, occupies one of the most commanding positions in the entire coast line of the Union. The Strait of Fuca is the great north-west artery through which is now beginning to flow one of the richest streams of commerce which this country has seen, or will ever see. To and from the populous countries of the Orient, four transcontinental railways are reaching out to this matchless highway of trade, and from it are being projected and put under way some of the most gigantic steamship lines of the age, under the fostering patronage of the two greatest commercial nations of the world—the United States and England. Towards the inner end of this strait, which is a hundred miles long, and from ten to twenty miles wide, standing *vis-à-vis*, are the two cities that during the coming decade are sure to attract the attention of the entire country—Victoria, B. C., and Port Angeles, Wash.

Port Angeles is an old infant, her political and commercial importance being recognised by the general government as far back as 1862, when it laid out the present Fort Angeles town-site. The city of Washington D. C., is the only other in the country which enjoys the distinction of having been laid out

by the Government. Her harbour is the only safe and important one on the American side of the strait, and is one of the finest, as well as the most picturesque, in the world, being commonly called the "Cherbourg of America."

In connection with this the following authority is quoted :—
"A remarkable and beautiful harbour, in which no winds blow home," says Capt. Richards, Royal Navy, in his reports of Surveys on N. W. Coast Harbours. "On the south shore of the strait it is the occasional northwesterners which are dreaded, and against them there is only a single harbour of value—Port Angeles. A curving spit reaching out from the shore, encloses an oval harbour three miles long, which is sufficiently deep for the use of any vessel, and thoroughly protected. The shores are admirably adapted for wharfage purposes, and the country behind the port abounds in splendid timber and in soils valuable for agriculture. Many persons regard it as certain that one of the chief seaports of this region will eventually grow here."—*North Pacific Pilot*, pages 485, 486.

Within six months after incorporation, the town advanced under the State laws to a city of the third class, and is now rapidly striding on to the second class. In the first year of her existence she has built streets, sidewalks, business blocks, ocean docks, hotels, schoolhouses, churches, and hundreds of residences; put in a magnificent system of water works and electric lights; secured a daily mail, daily line of boats connecting with all Puget Sound points; become a port of entry at which more shipping is now being entered and cleared than at any other point in the district; established ferry communications with Victoria, which will be the forerunner of the great railway ferry to come; and accomplished many other things that would do credit to a much older town.

e and
one of
being

ed :—
s blow
orts of
of the
l, and
—Port
ncloses
ep for
shores
ountry
soils
ertain
tually

ranced
s now
ear of
blocks,
eds of
ks and
boats
ort of
d and
blished
e fore-
blished
own.